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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S FESTIVAL OF THE ARION SOCIETY AT WEST BRIGHTON BEACH—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF NEPTUNE AND ARION BY THE ASSEMBLED MULTITUDE, AFTER EFFECTING THEIR LANDING ON THE BEACH FROM THEIR DOLPHIN.—(SKETCHED BY GAZETTE SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 3.)



The Oldest Illustrated Weekly, Established 1846.
RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
 Office: 2, 4 & 6 Beade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

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To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

Answers to Correspondents.

G. E., Red Bluff, Cal.—Have noted it.
 E. A. B., Mankato, Minn.—Occurrence noted.
 A. J. B., Minneapolis, Minn.—Could not illustrate it.
 J. G. G., Atlanta, Ga.—Have noted the occurrence.
 C. H., Galveston, Tex.—Portrait appears. Further by mail.
 J. H., Salem, O.—You send no material from which we could illustrate it.
 MODENA, Mo.—Will publish whatever you may send that meets our wants.
 J. B. W., Fairmount, W. Va.—Will appear in our next; arrived too late for this week.
 M. F. P., Archbald, Pa.—Obliged for the attention but the matter is of no general interest.
 M., Atlanta, Ga.—Portraits appear. Illustrated capture from another account before your arrival.
 J. G. M., Lafayette, Ind.—No, do not want the article, but if you choose to send the portraits we will pay you what you ask.
 EDWARDS, Detroit, Mich.—Will give that price for it if you give us proof of the authenticity of the portraits, and the accuracy of the sketch.
 T. G. N., Gurdon, Ark.—It was in the Smith-Bennett murder trial in Jersey City, not in that of Hunter that the circumstance occurred. Item sent is noted.
 N. U. C., Orleans, Ind.—Cannot publish a matter of that sort from an unknown correspondent without verification in the way of a newspaper clipping or otherwise.
 W. M. D., Evansville, Ind.—Have already noted occurrence and could not illustrate this week. The sketch of the victim was of no possible use in supplying a portrait.
 A. G. S., Parkersburg, W. Va.—It appears in this issue; thanks. Keep us posted on matters in your vicinity. Portraits of persons of note, and sketches of scenes of lively occurrences will be particularly appreciated.
 L. L. R., Boston.—The scandal was offered to us for publication, gratuitously, eighteen months ago, but we declined it then for the same reason as now, because it interferes in a matter with which the public has no business.
 H. G. R., Shelbyville, Ind.—We pay for matter at its value to us, which is always a fair valuation. We do not, however, pay for articles describing incidents, better accounts of which have been received through our exchanges before that of the correspondent has arrived.
 A. F., Baltimore.—Yes, we desire all such matter and will pay a reasonable price for whatever is worth using. We do not care to have portraits of minor criminals or of persons connected with happenings of little interest beyond the locality of the occurrence, however; photographic views of interesting incidents, or of the scene of the same and other interesting particulars pertaining to the matter are particularly desirable.
 EDMUND, MAURIN, Esq., Donaldsonville, La.—If you can furnish us with any actual reason why your portrait, published in the GAZETTE, should possess any more interest to its legion of readers than that of any one of said legion, taken hap-hazard, should possess for you, then we shall be glad to hold it up to the world in the GAZETTE, as you desire. We can scarcely believe, however, that the mere fact of your being a practicing attorney, only nineteen years old, would be deemed by them a good and sufficient one. We cannot, therefore, at present, rate your portrait among "incidents, news, etc., of unusual occurrence," as you regard it. What is probably the matter with you is that you have "grewed too fast," and that you are consequently troubled with that distressing affliction, so painful to witness in fresh adolescents, known as "big head."
 A. S. B., Lynchburg, Va.—We are always grateful for attentions from our readers, but we are really compelled to decline the clippings from your local journal which you send together with the clipped paper from which they were taken, for the reason that we had published some of them in our preceding issue and had the others in type, received through the speedier means of transmission of the telegraph or taken from our daily exchanges, at first hand. They were nearly all very good which was the reason we seized them with avidity, long ago. One point regarding your communication is rather puzzling and that is how you can so freely vouch that they are all "true facts," since the circle of the localities of the various occurrences, one being in New York City, has a diameter of some two thousand miles or more, and it is difficult to see how you can have such personal assurance as to the matter.

WITH EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

The killing of the so-called "Elder" Joseph Standing, the Mormon proselyter, in Georgia, has caused no little comment throughout the country and many well-meaning, but evidently not very deep-thinking people are disposed to regard the crime as one of particular atrocity, and to view the propagator of the infamous doctrines of Joe Smith and Brigham Young, in the light of a martyr.

Now the taking of human life is a very deplorable thing, and to be extenuated only under exceptional circumstances. Still, it appears to us that the shooting of this man Standing can only be properly viewed by practical people by supposing a strictly parallel case. Fancy, for instance, an individual appearing in a community and boldly persuading its male members to violate their marriage vows and their obligations to their children, and its women to become concubines, to leave their homes and families and to adopt a life of shame. Suppose, too, that these teachings had produced such results, not only in the case of this particular debaucher of public morals, but with a sufficiently large number of others of his kind to furnish ample precedent, in the seduction of wives and daughters, broken and ruined homes and shame and woe brought upon innocent sufferers by such devil-craft. Yet, that such is the result of the "missionary work" of such sanctimonious scoundrels as this fellow Standing and his kidney, when successful, is undeniable, because it has been exhibited over and over again with such unvarying regularity that every person of average intelligence knows that Mormon "proselyting" means exactly this and nothing less.

What community would not regard very leniently, if not favorably, the shooting down of a vile miscreant who should come among them with the avowed purpose of debauching their wives and daughters, and inducing them to enter upon a life of systematized prostitution? Yet, this is exactly the purpose for which Standing with his associate "missionary" had intruded himself among the people who are now being severely commented upon for the action of some of their number in ridding their neighborhood of the pestilent presence of one who was entitled to not one whit more consideration than the supposititious miscreant in question would be.

To attempt to invest "Missionary" Standing with the honors of martyrdom and to speak of his life being sacrificed in defense of a "religious faith," will do very well for the "apostles" of the infernal system of misceled religion to mingle with the rest of their disgusting cant in their stronghold in Utah, but for any decent person, outside of that den of tolerated iniquity, to echo such bosh is in the highest degree absurd, or worse.

Such indirect backers of the Salt Lake "Saints" should calmly look at the rationale of the case, with however much reason they may deprecate the taking of human life, before they talk of "toleration of religious opinion" and "martyrdom" in this connection. The fact is, religion has nothing to do with it and it is ridiculous to drag it in. It should be remembered that polygamy, the corner stone and vital essence of Mormonism, has always been declared by the nation to be a crime, and that it has not long since been rooted out from its jurisdiction is a stigma upon our national fame that is deeply mortifying to every right-thinking American citizen. Further than this, it should be remembered that the government, after these many years of irresolute action has recently given a sufficient, though tardy recognition of this fact by judicially proceeding against and imprisoning the leading lights of the iniquitous system as criminals.

"Elder" Standing, therefore, stands, or rather stood before the community simply as a pander and a debaucher under a false religious cloak, as a criminal tempting others to crime, and whatever extenuation these circumstances may present, his slayers, in the light of common sense and practical justice are entitled to.

ANOTHER SAINT AMONG THE SINNERS.

Apparently America has aroused John Bull's spirit of rivalry in regard to ministerial wickedness as well as in turf, pedestrian or aquatic matters. Her Majesty's domain has, at all events, recently given us several performances in that line which it would be extremely difficult to eclipse and now gives us an "Oliver" in the Rev. Newman Hall scandal for which we shall be likely to be sorely at a loss to find a "Roland" for some time to come. Rev. Newman Hall was in many respects a British prototype of our clerical darling, Beecher, and was probably quite as well-known and as highly flavored in the odor of sanctity on this side of the ocean as Beecher was on the other. He was prominently brought to the attention of the American public some ten years ago, when he made a visit to this country and traveled about considerably, giving out lots of "taffy" on "identity of history," "kindred blood," and all the rest of it, after the regular style of our "British cousins" when they come

across the water with some "racket" calculated to eliminate the dollars from the pockets of the simple Yankees, and partake of our hospitality while gathering material for an abusive book on America. The Rev. Newman's "racket" in this instance was the erection of a "Lincoln tower," as part of a new church edifice he had projected and which was to be accepted as the "visible sign in London of American sympathy in his work," as well as honoring the memory of the martyred President, and, reflectively, all good Americans which term is supposed, in the eyes of true Britons, to apply exclusively to those who go to Cockneydom—when they die.

Well, it was a "boss racket," was the "Lincoln Tower," striking us "where we lived" just at that time, and the Reverend Newman worked it beautifully, and it built the Reverend Newman's reputation on a deep and lasting foundation among pious folks in America. At least there does not appear to have been any other special agency in building the foundation aforesaid. Whether it will be able to resist the shock of the fact that, at the age of sixty-three, after a ministry of thirty-seven years, he has been accused by his wife and pretty thoroughly convicted by public opinion of the most flagrant licentiousness and adultery, after the ventilation of a mass of indecent testimony quite as disgusting as that evolved in our memorable Brooklyn affair, is something that remains to be seen. Precedent is not wanting to persuade us that it will not, to any great extent, for a curious folk is the religious folk, and something that passeth all ordinary understanding is the modern parson-worship.

REV. MR. MURRAY'S ADOUSERS.

The insinuations so freely made within the last fortnight against Rev. Wm. H. H. Murray, imputing financial "crookedness" and moral obliquity to the clerical turf-lover and hearty sporting chronicler of the Adirondacks, strike us as being decidedly premature and unjust. Whatever fault old fogies have found with the orthodoxy of his recreations, no whisper has heretofore been heard against him in respect to the charges named. That he has been a bad manager of his own financial affairs, a ludicrous failure as a farmer and extravagant in gratifying his love for horse-flesh is all true enough, but by no means impugns his integrity as a man. Men of his type are almost invariably woefully lacking in systematic business qualities, the possession of which, it may be assumed as a general principle, is at variance with the presence of the very mental peculiarities which have given him his extended and well-deserved fame as a thinker and an orator. The very ground on which sticklers for orthodoxy found their distrust of him, namely, his love of athletic exercises, is just that which inclines us more strongly to believe him innocent. Rev. Mr. Murray is essentially a manly man, not a common quality among the preachers of our day, indeed, and experience of persons has shown that the particular kind of wickedness charged in this instance is much more common among your sickly, dyspeptic theologians than among your "Adirondack" Murray style of men.

Cool Burgess in Tragedy.

(Subject of Illustration.)

TORONTO, Ont., August 6.—Quite a stir was created here to-day over a shooting affray which occurred last night, at the Rising Sun Hotel, on Yonge street, the participants being Cool Burgess, the well-known negro delineator, and William Widgery, a prominent fruit merchant of this city. For four years past idle tongues have associated Widgery's name with Mrs. Burgess. About a year ago Cool returned unexpectedly from a journey, and it was alleged at the time, that Widgery was in an apartment of the house more sacred than the parlor and in a position betokening greater intimacy than friendship permits, and that he left through a window and carried with him a remembrance of Cool's pistol. The affair seems to have been compromised, as Cool and Widgery were seen afterward driving and in theatres together.

He arrived in Toronto from New York on Monday. It is said that Burgess wrote from New York threatening to kill Widgery on sight, and Widgery replied that he would go to New York and if Cool wanted to try pistols he would fight him at two paces. Widgery is a man of courage and will fight when put to it. Tall and well knit he is not a pleasant opponent to encounter, when angered.

This hotel is kept by a brother of Cool, and shortly after Widgery and a friend, Mr. Blakely, entered, Cool stepped into the bar. Widgery said, "Hello, old fellow; will you have something?"

"Do you mean to insult me?" replied Cool. "Do you think that I would drink with you? you have broken up my home, ruined my wife, left my children more than orphans, disgraced two families and wrecked my hopes. No, sir, I would not drink with you."

"Oh, shut up!" replied Widgery; "we have heard all that before. Come and take a drink." Cool's brother says that Widgery qualified this by an alternative couched in blasphemous language, but Widgery and Blakely assert that nothing offensive was said, while other witnesses are at sixes and sevens on that point. However, Cool declined to drink and drew a revolver. After pausing a moment, he fired. Widgery was hit in the forearm, and exclaiming, "God! Aleck, give me a revolver! Do you want to see me made a target of?" Blakely made a motion to give

Widgery his revolver, when he was caught by a bystander. Cool shot again, when he put a bullet through Widgery's hand. Blakely then dropped his revolver, which Widgery picked up. Cool disappeared through the back door, and Widgery sent a bullet after him. Widgery says he did this merely to scare Cool off. His brother smuggled Cool out into the country, where he will await developments.

The Gellister Tragedy.

(With Portrait.)

Early on the morning of the 18th of January last the murdered remains of Charles Gellister and Mrs. Annie Gellister, his wife, were found in their lonely home, near Alburna, Kansas. The body of Gellister lay on the floor covered with blood, from wounds inflicted with some blunt instrument, as well as from several stabs from a knife. His wife lay on the bed with numerous wounds upon her head, which had produced death. The cause of the dreadful crime was robbery, as the bureau-drawers had been opened and ransacked. It was known by the neighbors that Gellister had quite a sum of money which had just been left him by the death of a relative. "Clem" Freer, a young man working on a farm about a mile from the house, was suspected of the crime, he having been at the house the evening previous to the murder. To make matters worse, when arrested charged with it, he escaped from the officers and was not heard of until Sunday, the 20th ult., when he was arrested by Detective Turner, at Fall's Bend, N. Y. Turner had been on his trail for some time, expecting that he would eventually turn up in the vicinity where he was arrested, as he is formerly from that locality. The detective and his prisoner left for Kansas on the following day, Freer expressing his willingness to go with the officer without any further papers. Portraits of the alleged murderer and his victims are given elsewhere.

Favorites of the Footlights.

(With Portrait.)

Miss Annie Woods, whose portrait takes a place in our gallery this week, is well known to the profession and public throughout the country as a variety and burlesque artiste of a far more than ordinary grade of talent, and as one of the most prepossessing and attractive women on the variety stage. She was born in this city in 1856, and first came into prominent professional notice as a leading figure in the ballet during the first great production of the "Black Crook" at Niblo's. After closing that engagement she took up the serio-comic and burlesque business, in which she at once made a decided hit. She is well known and extremely popular in the southwest, where she has traveled extensively, and in Galveston, Texas, in particular, to which city she has recently returned preparatory to a professional trip to the continent, she has long been a reigning favorite.

Crosby, the Alleged Wife Murderer.

(With Portrait.)

In our last issue we gave an account of the murder of Mrs. Crosby, wife of James I. Crosby, near Ellington, N. Y., on the night of the 23rd ult. At that time it was supposed to have been the work of burglars. Crosby claimed that he came home late that night, and missing the usual light as he opened the door, called to his wife and was immediately attacked and severely injured by an unknown intruder, who escaped. He then called the neighbors, who found that his wife had been murdered in her bed. Suspicion was, however, directed to Crosby himself. He was therefore arrested, and on the 5th inst., before Judge Yates, at Jamestown, N. Y., he was held for trial and sent to the county jail. His portrait appears on another page.

A Very Astonishing Tragedy.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 5.—A most astonishing murder and suicide occurred at 87 Polk street this afternoon, Solomon Senn, a partner in the firm of Schillo, Kossman & Senn, iron founders, shooting the foreman of the firm, Conrad Engleman, through the head, and then, after snapping the revolver at his own head, retiring to his private office and cutting his throat from ear to ear with a knife. Both men leave families, were sober and industrious and not quarrelsome. The quarrel was about a pillar which was being cast in the foundry, and which Senn claimed was being spoiled by Engleman. The latter denied this, and, after resigning his position on the spot and being paid off, Senn reiterated his charge, when Engleman gave him the lie, and the tragedy was at once enacted.

Ida Henning, A Missing Chicago Girl.

(With Portrait.)

Elsewhere we give a portrait of Ida Henning, a precocious Chicago Miss, of thirteen, who ran away from home, at 681 Fulton street, in that city, on July 12. She is described as being large and well developed for her age, with dark hair, blue eyes, complexion between that of a blonde and a brunette, and a scar on her forehead which is concealed by her hair. Her portrait is published with the hope of aiding in her identification. Her parents are very respectable residents of Chicago and are greatly distressed over her disappearance. It is hoped that police officials will lend their aid in her recovery. It is believed that she has eloped with a clandestine admirer, and it is thought the pair have taken their journey in this direction.

Mort Lee, The Negro Rape Fiend.

(With Portrait.)

On another page we give a portrait of Mort Lee, the infamous black wretch who, on July 1st, committed a most diabolical outrage upon Mrs. Little, wife of the county treasurer, at Kanawha Falls, W. Va., inflicting dreadful injuries upon her. The fiendish black made his escape after the perpetration of his frightful crime, but was captured in Parkersburg, W. Va., on July 8th by Constable A. G. Stagg, of that place, and delivered to officers from Kanawha Falls. Before they had proceeded far with him, he was taken from them and hanged by the exasperated citizens.

SUMMER-NIGHT REVELS.

Grand and Novel Pageant Inaugurated by the Arion Society at West Brighton with Inspiring Accompaniments of

MUSIC, MIRTH AND FIREWORKS.

The Spectacle of the Landing of Neptune and Arion on the Beach, From Their Dolphin Steed, as Ocean's Embassadors,

AS VIEWED BY GAZETTE ARTISTS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Thursday night, 31st ult., at nine o'clock, the area which had been fenced in about the West Brighton Beach Hotel was packed with a vast company, no member of which seemed able to be for a moment without motion or without noise. The summer night's festival of the Arion Society was at that time in full blast. Rockets were rising from a great craft anchored hundreds of yards out on the ocean. All the plentiful music was going, and electric lights were touching up the scene with the brightness of day. The coming to this had been gradual. At four o'clock the people began to flock in. The hotel had been wired in on the side toward the sea, and on the other side visitors came in through narrow ways. Anybody once in had to stay, for there were no return tickets. In front of the hotel a broad wooden piazza stretched down to the water. Brilliant pagodas rose from it—one for the band of the Red Hussars and the other for Liebold's Military Band, which discoursed alternately. Chinese lanterns were so thick about it all that it seemed as though the firmament had come down close

TO BE DELIGHTED BY THE FESTIVAL.

The hotel, a long, two-story building, with a broad veranda projecting from each story, had all its posts bound in evergreens, and Chinese lanterns innumerable hung in festoons along its front. Two observatories rising from the roof at each end were also decked in evergreens, and from the flagpoles surmounting these, strings of lanterns dropped in all directions like fiery beads. Along the edge of the long roof scores of grotesque silhouettes, of double life-size, stood out distinctly in the artificial glare, and presented the spectacle of sailor boys, ballet girls, and what not, kissing and dancing in the lustrous sky. Over the front door bloomed a huge transparency of "Arion" swinging his lyre free with one hand urging his shining dolphins with the other. To the right, above the sea, swung an electric light suspended from a wire run up to the top of the tall observatory transplanted from Philadelphia, and to the left, above the sea, hung the moon almost unnoticed. There were more than 2,000 lights, which cost more than \$4,000.

From four o'clock until half past six the military band had played outside. At half past six the grand concert took place inside, in a great room that was

BRILLIANTLY DECKED AND TRIMMED.

The full chorus of the society sang, led by Dr. Damrosch, and assisted by an orchestra of eighty pieces. Franz Remmert sang, and a fine concert was lost in the noise of a constantly accumulating crowd. The last attempt to exalt the programme above the natural inclinations of the people was given up when the sun went down and the electric lights came out. The programme did indeed go on, but got only casual attention. The Red Hussars whanged away with all their drums and all their cymbals, but their efforts seemed only to spur on the throng to emulate the noise they made. Even the cornet of young Bent, which was played loud and well, served for nothing more than to strike a higher key-note for the crowd to follow. The great board piazza was covered over. Every table was occupied. People were dining and drinking, and as they dined and drank, other people rushed by them and made their occupations laborious and unpleasant. All at once colored lights flared up on the beach. There was a great stampede. Every occupied table was instantly seized for a point of observation, men and women clambered up among the plates and dishes. But even there it was not possible to see, and when it was discovered that a view of the arrival of Arion was impossible, a whole chorus of

HOOTS AND LAUGHTER ASCENDED.

Somebody said that the trouble with the Arion Society was that it could find no place large enough to hold its festival in. Only a tithe of the people, those nearest the water, saw the illumination of the sea, the letting off of the fireworks from the anchored scow, and the departure of Neptune and Arion from the end of the ocean pier. It occurred, nevertheless, although nobody saw it.

There were some few drawbacks. The greatest drawback was that the colored lights from the floating scow failed to flash at the proper moment, and Arion and Neptune sailed ashore in comparative darkness. They made their passage from the pier in catamaran. Neptune, at other times Mr. Paul Schoen, wore a stalactite crown and carried a trident. Long gray locks floated down his jocund face and the fact that he made land on such an occasion under a veil of darkness served only to touch his sense of humor, and brought from him peals of laughter that were

HEARD A MILE AWAY.

Arion, J. J. Diehl, came in on the same catamaran. He was shaped like a firkin of butter, had blond hair and beautiful calves, and found as much occasion for hilarity in the manner of his landing as his companion had found. It should be said that the catamaran in which Neptune and Arion sailed ashore was called a dolphin, and was made something in the shape of that creature fable. After Neptune and Arion came the Intolerance, another catamaran, bearing the exiles from Manhattan Beach, the Arion Society having

allotted 10,000 square miles of land in the area of the island for a colony of the anti-Corbinites. This procession was made up of boys and girls, with false noses of inordinate size.

The procession business was hardly more than glanced at. Indeed, only a limited number of those present could get a sight of it.

The throng by this time, ten o'clock, was occupied with itself. It was extremely noisy, but it did not go beyond the bounds of order. Mr. J. O. Hundt, the President of the society, was about evenly divided between wonder and gratification, and all his officers wondered that the attendance of the festival was so vast, and were gratified that everything passed off so well. Gens. Sigel and Steinmetz, Judge Cowing, and the German Consul-General Schumacher took lunch at a late hour in the little bed-room which the Arion people called their committee room.

AMBUSHED BY HORSE THIEVES.

The Terrible Trap by Which a Party of Pursuing Detectives Fell Into the Hands of the "Doc" Middleton Gang of Nebraska Desperadoes.

[Subject of Illustration.]

FORT HARTSUFF, Neb., August 1.—W. H. H. Llewellyn, a detective, arrived at this post a few days since from the Nebraska country, where he had recently engaged in a desperate conflict with the horse-thieves who infest that region, under command of their chief, Doc Middleton. Llewellyn gave substantially the following account of his adventures:

"I went to the Niobrara to consult with Middleton, who had expressed a desire to reform and live under the laws as a respectable citizen. Our intercourse had been of a friendly nature, but he appeared somewhat suspicious of my intentions. At length a time and place of meeting was decided upon, in accordance with which we were to meet at the house of a settler whom subsequent events proved to be

IN LEAGUE WITH THE OUTLAWS.

While at the house I noticed two or three parties of mounted men approaching from different directions. I felt somewhat uneasy, and finally said to companion, a man named Hazen, who had accompanied me, 'I think we had better be moving down the road.'

"We set out, Middleton accompanying us with two or three of his gang. As we proceeded the parties before mentioned, one after another, joined us. Soon after we were altogether Middleton suddenly dismounted, and drawing his six-shooter commenced firing at us. We returned the fire, my comrade and I both aiming at the same man, an individual named Holt, whom we killed. Middleton advanced against Hazen, the man who was with me, and fired at him twice, both shots taking effect. Hazen appeared to have lost his self-possession, as he made no effort to defend himself, but called out, 'Don't shoot me! don't shoot me!' After Hazen fell I put my horse at the top of his speed and left the field under a volley, no shot, luckily, striking either my horse or myself. A detective named Dickens was posted near the

SCENE OF THE CONFLICT IN THE BUSHES.

He opened fire soon after the fight commenced. I think he was killed during the continuance, as the last I saw of him he seemed to have fallen forward, but may have started to run or he may have fallen purposely to avoid the bullets. He had no horse with him and it was hardly possible for him to escape. Two detectives in the service of the Union Pacific railroad were in the vicinity at the time, and their fate is uncertain, as the outlaws seemed anxious to surround and kill all the civil officers in the country. The horse-thieves suffered as well as ourselves in the encounter. Holt was killed and Middleton was apparently shot, as his horse escaped from his control and he placed his hand on his breast as if he had been struck there. I think Dickens shot him. Another man rode away as fast as horse could carry him, being

"EITHER SHOT OR BADLY FRIGHTENED."

Fifteen men have left Hartsuff under orders to arrest any deserters who may be found in the Niobrara country. Detective Llewellyn goes with them in order to revisit the field and ascertain if possible, the fate of his comrades. The operations of the outlaws are now assuming a character that imperatively calls for the interference of the government. If the state of Nebraska is not able to preserve order within its borders some of the great interests affected should endeavor to protect themselves. The Union Pacific railroad is vitally interested, as emissaries from these gangs are in all probability concerned in the late train robberies. The great cattle interest is affected by their operations here where large capital is represented, which is every year increasing. If the state government is not strong enough these various interests are sufficiently powerful to drive the desperadoes back to their native Texas. Or, what is much better, to break up and exterminate the entire band.

A Murderess Her Own Victim.

SCOTTSVILLE, Va., August 2.—Much excitement has been created here by the discovery of a poisoning plot, which has turned out exactly the way the would-be poisoner did not want it to end.

The facts in the case are these: Mitchell Jefferson, a young farmer, had been separated from his wife, Malinda Jefferson, for some time. He visited her recently and while he was there his mother-in-law persuaded her daughter to get him out of the way by poisoning him, and gave her a dose to put in his coffee the first favorable opportunity. The daughter placed a cup of coffee on the table and invited him to drink it. He thanked her and went to the table to do so. She left the room. He took a spoonful, and, not liking the taste, took the coffee-pot, which was at the fire-place, poured some coffee in a small bucket which he had with him, and then emptied the contents of the proffered cup into the coffee-pot. He then left. His wife's mother then stepped in and asked her daughter for something to eat. She was told that the coffee was in the pot at the fire. She drank freely of it, was taken sick and died. Jefferson has been exonerated from all blame in the matter.

A DESPERADO'S DECLARATION.

John Wesley Hardin, the Notorious Texan Man-Killer, Makes Proclamation from His Prison Cell of His Innocence of the Crime of Which His Brother-in-Law, Brown Bowen, Accused Him on the Scaffold.

GONZALES, Texas, July 30.—Last year Brown Bowen, the brother-in-law of the notorious desperado, John Wesley Hardin, now serving out a sentence of twenty-five years, was hanged for the murder of Thomas Halderman, in South Texas. The testimony was direct that Bowen, after a horse race, found Halderman drunk under a tree, outside a country store, when he crept up, and, out of pure wantonness, shot him in the head, instantly killing Halderman. Hardin was present at the race, and on the scaffold Bowen, almost at the last moment, asserted his innocence, and laid the crime to Hardin. Some time ago a party who had been to the state prison, at Huntsville, went into South Texas and spread the report that John Wesley Hardin, the slayer of more than a dozen men, had, in his zebrs garb, at Huntsville, confessed to the murder of Halderman, and the correctness of

BOWEN'S STATEMENT ON THE GALLOWES.

Believing the rumors to be false, the editor of a paper here addressed a note to Hardin in the penitentiary, and received the following reply:

"TEXAS STATE PRISON, HUNTSVILLE, Texas, July 20, 1879.—To the Editor of the *Gonzales Inquirer*: I am in receipt of your favor of the 19th inst., and appreciate the same. I am enjoying good health and spirits, considering my unfortunate condition. Hope all in your county are enjoying the same with the exception of these bonds. You request me to inform you of the facts of a certain statement being published by many papers, alleging that I had confessed to having killed Thomas Halderman, for which crime Brown Bowen was executed in Gonzales May 17, 1878. Every paper that has published the same has published a lie, which I fear was calculated to injure me and mine from the beginning. Some of the papers say that a gentleman from San Antonio, who was just from Huntsville, claims that I made the same statement to him. I wonder what sort of a man it takes to suppose the gentleman described by the paper? However, I suppose such gentlemen are easily found when selected from the old Jack Helm gang, which was never anything but a set of

LIARS AND COLD-BLOODED MURDERERS.

I wish to inform the public that the author of the statement is a liar instead of a gentleman. If I could have made the statement charged to me and have told the truth, I would have made it before Brown Bowen was executed; and if even now I was to say that I killed Thomas Halderman I would tell a falsehood, which I would consider equally as bad as the crime itself. All that I have to say in reference to the matter is, that Bowen was executed for a crime prompted by his own designs and committed by himself. He was not convicted upon circumstantial evidence, but on the testimony of parties whose word is and ever has been above reproach. The great book says, 'Let every tub stand on its own bottom.' That is my rule, and I think my load is heavy enough without being charged with a cold-blooded murder I never committed. No one has ever suffered by law for a crime committed by me, and, I hope, never will. A great many papers describe me as, and compare me with the most diabolical murderer that ever roamed the state of Texas. They surely are mistaken, for the state of Texas has failed to do her duty, or I

WOULD HAVE MET HIS FATE AT THE SCAFFOLD.

I never delayed trial, like a great many try to do, but went to trial on first application, and the state proved that I never put my hand on my pistol until deceased had fired the first shot. But I bow in humble submission to the decree, and will wait the interference of a higher court. I never had nerve enough to take a man's life unless I knew my own to be in jeopardy, and I trust and sincerely hope that all who are laboring under this false impression will dispel it. The press of the state has convicted me on false reports, and I do hope that the papers, as well as the courts, will see the time in the state of Texas when they will let truth and justice prevail, and not be bowed down by a burden of prejudice. Please ask the press to give me a rest unless they publish the truth. Yours with respect,

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN.

The truth seems to be that the rumor was put in circulation by friends of the murderer of young Holoman at Seguin, for the purpose of affecting public opinion in favor of that assassin.

A MYSTERIOUS MONSTER.

Remarkable Midnight Hunting Adventure of Two Sportsmen.

GENESEO, Ill., July 30.—Eli Clouse, a well-known merchant of this city, and a man named Hefner, from Rock Island, Ill., met with an adventure in the Rock river forest adjacent to Penney's slough, seven miles north of here, on last Friday night, that savors strongly of the marvelous. Everybody knows Clouse. He is a sober, quiet, honest young married man.

Clouse and Hefner were fishing in Penney's slough on Friday night, and about midnight they were startled by a series of the most hideous yells, emanating from the old Indian burying-ground, just over the edge of the precipitous bluff that rises a few rods back from the slough. Hefner said, 'There is that animal again.' On being asked to explain, he related that he had seen a large, strange animal in that neighborhood about a year previous. Both then seized their guns (double-barrelled breech-loaders), and, leaving a young man named Lawson in charge of the camp, clambered up the bluff, and were soon

IN THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

Each had a lantern, and by the light of these, soon saw an animal about the size of a large Newfoundland dog, standing erect on its hind feet, on one of the Indian graves. Clouse says that the beast had no hair; but seemed to be covered with large bony plates or scales. Two large white stripes ran down his back. His head was small, and surmounted by a pair of long pointed ears, which he flapped up and down with

great facility. He stood and stared fiercely at the men, blinking in the lights of the lanterns. He pounded his breast vehemently with his fore-paws. Both Clouse and Hefner fired into his body with BB shot, from a distance of about three rods. The effect was to knock the animal over; but he was immediately on his feet again, and

HOWLING LIKE A DEMON.

Clouse describes the sound of the shot as they struck his body to be similar to striking a hollow stump. They gave him another load each. He then took to racing frantically up and down an old hollow tree, about the center of the graveyard. While this was going on they gave him in all a dozen charges of heavy shot. Finally he ran into a hole in the tree. Determined to secure him if possible, the men ran to the camp and procured a couple of axes, with which they soon felled the hollow and rotten tree. The screams of the brute as the tree fell were absolutely horrible. He rushed from his lair and into the forest, returning several times and making at the men as if to attack them. He finally departed, and was seen no more. The men visited the ground the next day, but could detect no trace of blood. In the hollow of the tree they found the sleeve of a coat, a pocket and some buttons. Bear-traps and various devices are now planted about the brute's haunts, and hopes are entertained that he may be captured.

Rev. "Adirondack" Murray.

[With Portrait.]

No little excitement was caused in Boston, and indeed, was to large extent felt throughout New England and other sections where his fame has spread, through the announcement of the financial troubles and subsequent disappearance of Rev. W. H. H. Murray, whose fancifully bestowed prefix of "Adirondack" is better known generally than that given him in baptism.

Two weeks previous Mr. Murray went to Burlington, Vt., and crossed the lake to Plattsburg. While there his yacht at Burlington was attached for debt, and, in response to a dispatch, word came from Plattsburg that Mr. Murray had gone to Chicago.

Among the Boston sufferers by his failure is W. H. Merrill, one of the original proprietors of the *Golden Rule*, who holds Murray's note for \$3,000, with which his interest in that paper was bought out. A large Boston firm of paper dealers have an account against Murray of nearly \$1,500. D. L. Milliken, formerly the owner of the *Cottage Hearth*, which, by an arrangement with Murray, was merged with the *Golden Rule* in January last, is another loser to the value of the merged magazine, for which he has received no consideration, and for which he had previously refused over \$6,000. The understanding was that he was to have a conditional partnership interest with Murray in the *Golden Rule*, to date from January 1, 1880. In the meantime the *Golden Rule* had been sold out to H. L. Shorey, and Milliken, like Merrill, loses all he had in the concern.

Considerable unfavorable talk had been created concerning the alleged relations between Mr. Murray and his confidential secretary, Miss Lillie Mabel Hodgkins, who, it was reported, had recently accompanied him to the Adirondacks, and some light was thrown upon the affairs of the absent preacher by the arrival of the young lady in question in New Haven, Conn., on the 5th, direct from the Adirondacks. Miss Hodgkins, who is a very pretty and engaging young lady, is quite indignant at the manner in which her name has been connected with Mr. Murray's. She denies that she has been on a pleasure trip with him in the Adirondacks or anywhere else. On the contrary, she has been spending her vacation alone, while Mr. Murray for the past three weeks has been in the west and is now in San Francisco. Mr. Murray, she says, left for Chicago before the middle of July to sell stock of his buck-board company, and that his family and friends knew all about his purpose. Being unsuccessful in disposing of his stock in Chicago, he continued the journey to San Francisco, as it was understood he would do before he started. Letters have been received from him since his arrival in San Francisco in which he speaks encouragingly of his prospects there.

Miss Hodgkins says Mr. Murray had no idea when he left of the possibility of trouble of the kind that has arisen. He had arranged everything, as he supposed, satisfactorily, and the knowledge of what his creditors have done will undoubtedly be a great surprise to him. Miss Hodgkins is confident that he will now return at once and set everything straight. As for the scandal part of the story, so far as she is concerned, she declares that there is not one word of truth in it.

Fatal Ending of a Family Feud.

TROY, N. Y., August 5.—At the corner of Madison and Fourth streets this afternoon three brothers, Patrick, Cornelius and Michael Dwyer, were assaulted by William, Thomas, Lawrence and Michael Myers and two men named Stapleton and Connors. The Dwyer brothers had no weapons, while their assailants were armed with stones, pistols and knives, which they used with probably fatal effect. Patrick Dwyer was stabbed seven times, and his life is despaired. His two brothers were also stabbed, and Cornelius's nose was bitten off. Officer Manion attempted to arrest William Myers and was knocked down with a stone. The assailants all escaped. The entire force of the First precinct is engaged in their pursuit. The encounter is the result of a long existing feud between the Dwyer and Myers families.

Mysteriously Assaulted.

On the 5th, while George Dunheiser, forty-one years old, residing in Williamsburg, was at work on a new building in North Ninth street, he was hit on the head with a brick by a man unknown to him. Dunheiser sustained a compound fracture of the skull. He was taken home in an ambulance unconscious, and is in a dangerous condition. His assailant is still at large.

A SEASIDE HEROINE.

Brave and Determined Efforts of a Young Cape May Sojourner to Save her Uncle From Drowning, in a Heavy Sea.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CAPE MAY, N. J., August 1.—The name of Miss Gussie Graham is on every one's lips to-night, because of her heroic efforts to save her uncle from drowning. The Rev. John R. Graham is from Brighton, England. He came to this country a month ago to visit his nephew, Dr. James Graham, of 1,528 Spruce street, Philadelphia. For several days he has been stopping here at one of the hotels. This morning he put on his bathing suit for his customary bath. The bathers were beginning to accumulate on the beach when he plunged into the surf with his nephew, Archibald Graham, a young married man of Philadelphia, and his two nieces, Misses Bessie and Gussie Graham. Once in the water, the bathers became separated. They had chosen for their bathing ground a spot near Denison's pier, the one nearer the Stockton House. The current was setting very rapidly toward the north. The bathers had not been in the water long before Miss Gussie

FOUND HERSELF BEYOND HER DEPTH.

Her brother saw the danger she was in, and immediately swam to her assistance. He reached her, and turned for the shore. Then came the struggle. He describes it as the hardest battle with the waves he ever had. Several times he was almost ready to give up, but he struck out manfully, and little by little drew nearer the shore. His strength had given out and he was just losing all hope when his feet struck the sand. He re-assured his sister, and told her that they were safe. Just at this moment the Rev. Mr. Graham came up. In the excitement he had been lost sight of momentarily, and it is supposed that he started to the rescue. He swam in from the seashore, and in reaching the couple grasped the young lady with an iron grip. Before going into the water he had complained of a severe headache, and it is supposed that as he reached the struggling pair he was

STRICKEN BY APOPLEXY.

Young Mr. Graham lost his hold upon his sister. Completely exhausted, he saw her floating out to sea again with his uncle. He shouted for help, and his other sister besought those upon the beach to go to their rescue. No one started. Out on the end of Denison's pier Mr. C. H. Ames, of Boston, who came to Philadelphia to attend the sessions of the National Educational Association, was watching the bathers. His attention was attracted by an unusual stir on shore. Then he heard the cry of "Help! Help!" and a moment later he saw a man in the water throwing his hands up and shouting. Further out to sea he saw two heads in the water. One was that of a lady, the other that of a man. They were floating toward the pier. He took in the situation at a glance. On the pier was a long rope. He whipped out his knife, cut the rope free and rushed to the railing. Pulling off his coat, vest and shoes, he gave one end of the rope to men on the pier, and

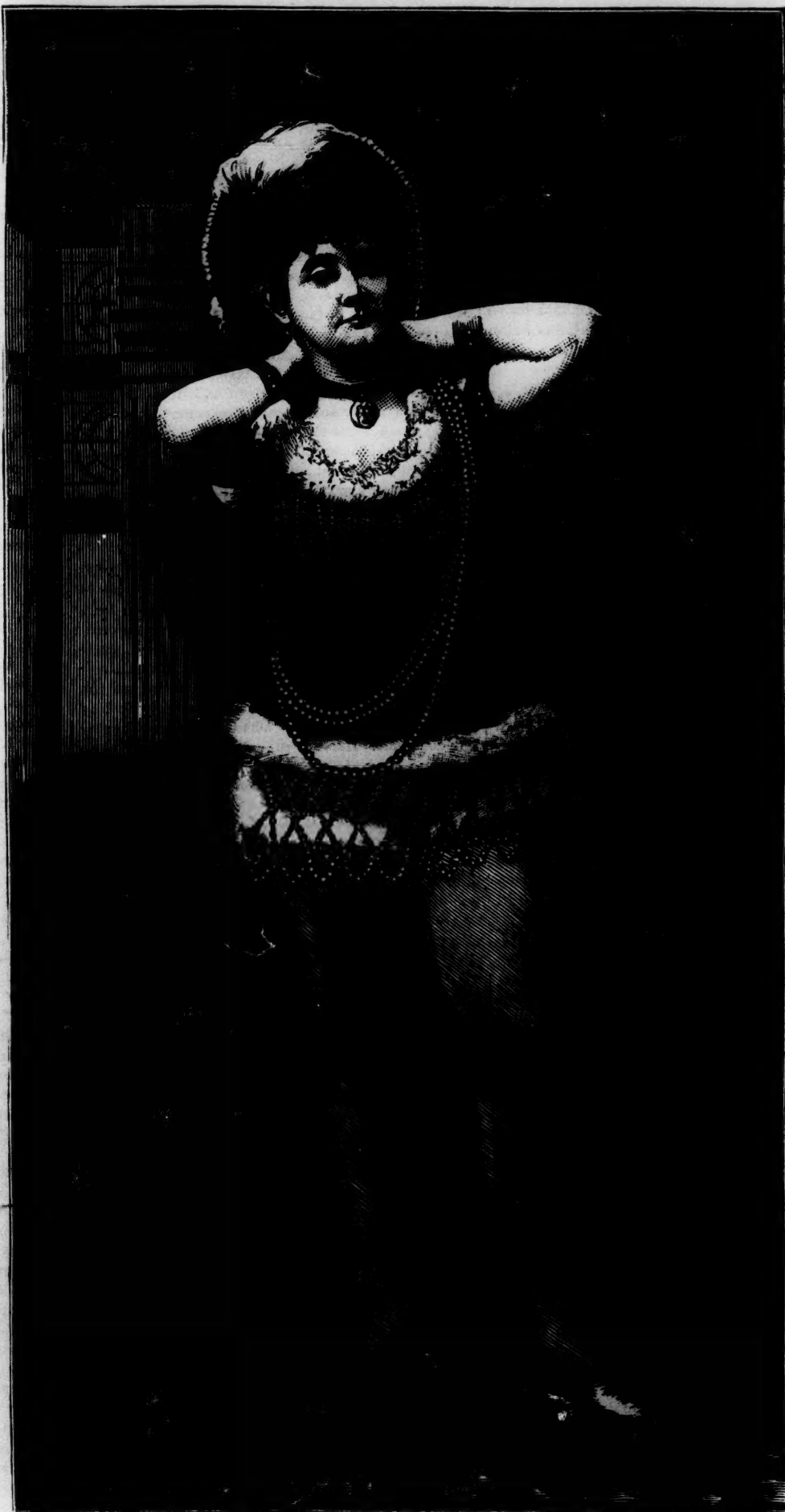
LOWERED HIMSELF INTO THE WATER.

The young lady was only a few feet above water, but do all that she could only the top of his head could be kept above the waves. Mr. Ames speaks of the bravery of Miss Gussie as something that cannot be described. Her sole thought seemed to be to keep her uncle from drowning. When the strong current had borne the pair nearly to the pier Mr. Ames caught a turn around his own body with the rope and sprang out. The young girl's head seemed to be drooping, as though the struggle for life was about ended.

Some one on the pier meanwhile had thrown a plank overboard. Mr. Ames succeeded in reaching Miss Gussie and told her to hold on to the board. She grappled it, and as it floated against a pile of the pier held on for dear life.

"Where is the man?" asked Mr. Ames.

"He is under the water. Can you save him?" was the response.



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS ANNIE WOODS, VARIETY AND BURLESQUE ARTISTE.—See Page 2.

Mr. Ames at that moment felt the body with his feet. He caught it between his legs, and drew it up until he could clasp it with his hands. He was clinging with one hand to the rope, which had got twisted about his own body so that he walked with great difficulty. Do all he could, Dr. Graham's face would fall over into the water. Another rope was lowered and placed under the doctor's chin, which

PARTIALLY LIFTED IT FROM THE WAVES.

Then some one pulled in with a boat, and Miss Gussie, Dr. Graham and Mr. Ames were taken aboard.

While on the way to the beach Mr. Ames worked over the doctor, who was perfectly unconscious. As soon as the beach was reached the usual methods for restoring life in case of drowning were resorted to, but all to no avail. Dr. Graham was dead.

Coroner Ware took possession of the body and held an inquest. The body showed a highly congested condition of the head. A purple hue overshadowed the features. The verdict was drowning superinduced by apoplexy. Mr. Ames thinks that from the time Dr. Graham seized Miss Gussie in the water he was unconscious. There were no bruises or abrasions upon his body. He says that the young lady seemed to be perfectly conscious all the time that she was trying to save her uncle, "and," he said, as he brought the story of the accident to a close, "too much praise cannot be given the young lady for her heroic actions." She is about eighteen years of age and quite pretty.

Remarkable Frontier Tragedy.

FORT ROBERTSON, Neb., July 30.—The particulars of an unfortunate affair caused by love, jealousy and revenge, which occurred at Pine Ridge Agency day before yesterday, have just reached this place. It appears that two brothers named Billy and Johnny Provost, employed at the agency, the former as stock superintendent, became enamored of a beautiful Indian girl named Soettewa (Little Bird), daughter of Eagle Wing, a sub-chief in Red Cloud's band of Sioux. Before giving his consent, as is the custom among Indians, Eagle Wing demanded a horse as the price of his daughter's hand in marriage.

Billy Provost, not having a horse to give, consulted an Indian, who gave him a horse as his own which in reality belonged to a man named Clement Bernard, who, unknown to him, was also suing for the affections of the dusky maiden. Following the Indian's advice, he took the animal and delivered it to Eagle Wing, and was about to take his prize when Bernard appeared on the scene, claiming his property and putting a stop to further ceremonies. Provost, after finding out that he had been ejected from the lodge by the chief, seized with grief and remorse, placed a pistol to his head and blew his brains out.

John Provost, the interpreter, on hearing of his brother's suicide, sought out the Indian who betrayed him and Bernard, his rival, intending to kill them. Finding both in the agent's office, he deliberately and without warning opened fire on them, killing Bernard. Several Mexicans, countrymen of the murdered man, surrounded the murderer and would have lynched him had it not been for the prompt action of Dr. McGillicuddy, the Indian agent, who sent him under a guard of Indian soldiers to the military guard-house at Camp Sheridan, where he now awaits the action of the civil authorities.

A Singular Homicide.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., August 3.—Frank Walker arrived yesterday at the district attorney's office and represented that he had killed a man at Jeddo, this county, by striking him on the side of the face with the edge of his open hand. An investigation corroborated his statement, and it was learned that the name of the deceased was Thomas Jevors. There were some half dozen men sitting upon the turf, when there were hot words, and the blow was given, resulting fatally. Walker says that he traveled sixty miles in order to arrive at the district attorney's office before an arrest could be made. He is now in jail.



A HEROINE OF THE SEASIDE—MISS GUSSIE GRAHAM'S BRAVE AND DETERMINED EFFORT TO SAVE HER UNCLE, REV. JOHN R. GRAHAM, FROM DROWNING, ALTHOUGH BUT JUST RESCUED FROM A POSITION OF EXTREME PERIL IN THE WATER, IN WHICH SHE HAD BECOME ALMOST EXHAUSTED; CAPE MAY, N. J.

A Suicide Attacked by a Vulture.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Captain Beatty of the Central Park Police was startled at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th ult., but by the sharp report of a pistol just outside of his office in the Arsenal. He sprang through the open window, and found an old man leaning heavily against one of the cages which contained several vultures. Blood flowed from a wound in the old man's forehead, and a vulture had driven its beak into the wound before Policeman Foley could drag the man away. Drs. Reed and Crimmins were quickly sent for, but the man died before they arrived.

During the excitement Chris Schroeder, who keeps a saloon at Sixty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, ran into the Arsenal building and told Sergeant Downey and England that a Jacob Schavermann, of 20 Fourth avenue, had left his saloon but a few minutes previous. He was a friend of the family, and had frightened Mrs. Schroeder by taking out a pistol from his pocket, and calling for a schooner of beer, saying, "Mrs. Schroeder, this is my last beer. I go to kill myself in the park." Mrs. Schroeder screamed, awaking her husband. Schroeder ran after Schavermann, and as he saw the body of his friend brought in he fell to the ground overcome by fright. Schavermann was a brewer. He had saved a few thousand dollars; but rheumatism came upon him, and idleness and medical advice ate up his savings. On the

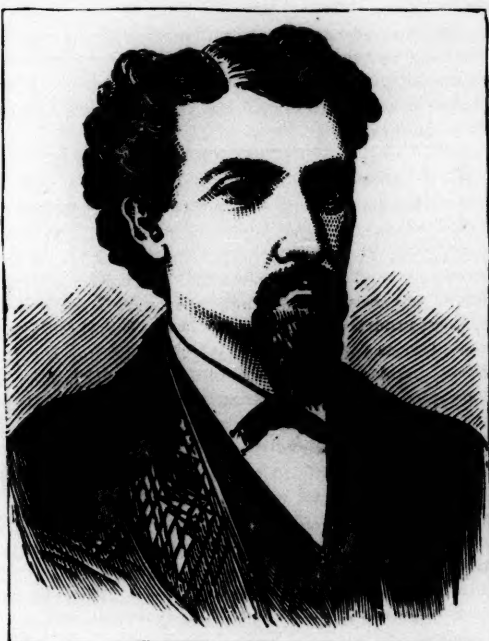


JOHN H. MORTON, A FARO-DEALER, KILLED IN HIS GAMBLING HOUSE BY R. GORMAN, A CIGAR MANUFACTURER, IN REVENGE FOR HAVING BEEN FORBIDDEN TO PLAY ON ACCOUNT OF HIS INTOXICATED CONDITION; LOUISVILLE, KY.

terday morning about two o'clock Mrs. Charles Adamack, living on Eighth street, between Sacramento and Monterey streets, was aroused from her slumbers by hearing some one trying to get into the house. She immediately got up and lit a lamp and aroused her husband, who was sleeping with one of the children. He also got up, and hearing a noise at the rear end of his house, went and listened. In a few seconds the little door at which they were at work was opened and two masked men sprang into the room, demanding what money they had.

He told them he had none. They drew their weapons and threatened to kill both if they did not divulge where their money was, and the two robbers then commenced searching the house. Mr. Adamack, watching his opportunity, ran out the front door yelling for help. The robbers ran after him and fired one shot, which took effect in the small of his back, near the spine. Mr. Adamack fell, saying that he was killed. The two masked men ran toward the railroad track and disappeared in the darkness.

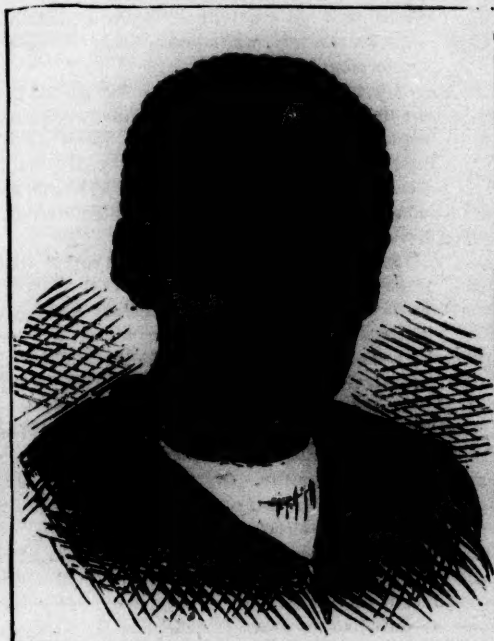
Mrs. Adamack says they were large, heavy-set men, and she thinks she could recognize them. Adamack is thirty-six years of age and an honest, hardworking man. He was employed for some time past as car-wiper at the Kansas City shops. The ball still remains in his body, and the physicians think he cannot recover. There is no clue as to the murderers were.



JAMES I. CROSBY, HELD FOR THE ALLEGED MURDER OF HIS WIFE, AT ELLINGTON, N. Y., ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 23.



THE DEFOOR TRAGEDY, NEAR ATLANTA, GA.—MARTIN DEFOOR AND WIFE, THE AGED VICTIMS OF THE TERRIBLE BUTCHERY FOR WHICH THE NEGRO, ASA MORGAN, WAS HUNTED DOWN WITH BLOODHOUNDS.—SEE PAGE 11.



MORT LEE, THE NEGRO RAPE-FIEND, LYNCH'D NEAR KANAWHA FALLS, W. VA., FOR A DIABOLICAL OUTRAGE ON MRS. LITTLE.

morning of the fatal act he got up early and told his landlady he was going to kill himself. He went to his barber's, was shaved, and wished the barber good bye. After paying for his last glass of beer he stepped over to the Central Park and shot himself. He had only one cent remaining.

Horrible and Fatal Catastrophe.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Newport, Ky., August 1.—A horrible accident occurred at nine o'clock to-night, resulting in the loss of two lives. Mr. John Howe, a wealthy young dry-goods man, doing business in Cincinnati, had gone into a water-closet in the rear of his residence, and was joined by his young wife. Just as Howe stepped in the whole floor gave way and the couple fell twelve or fifteen feet. Their cries brought a colored servant to the scene, who, in her terror, jumped headlong into the vault. The screams attracted the neighbors' attention and one of them succeeded in partially lowering himself, grasping Mr. Howe by the arm and holding him above the surface till the fire department was summoned, when both were taken out alive, though Howe was insensible. Mrs. Howe and the colored woman were taken out dead. Mr. and Mrs. Howe had been married scarcely a year, and the latter was within a week of confinement. She was a most beautiful woman and a college graduate of two years ago.

Murdered by Masked Robbers.
St. Joseph, Mo., July 27.—Yes-



A DIVER'S DREADFUL DEATH—JAMES W. JENKINS, WHILE ENGAGED IN RECOVERING A LOST ANCHOR, IN NEW YORK BAY, OFF THE BATTERY, IS SUFFOCATED BY THE BURSTING OF THE AIR-HOSE, WHEN SEVENTY-FIVE FEET UNDER WATER.—SEE PAGE 13.

Brutal Murder in a Gambling House.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 31.—A very brutal tragedy occurred here to-night in a gambling house at 73 Fifth street. Shortly after eight o'clock there were raps at the up-stairs door of 73, and a stranger entered without waiting to be admitted. He was drunk, and John H. Morton, one of the proprietors bade him not to participate in the game. The fellow sat down and soon afterward called Morton to a front room, where they were alone. A second later pistol shots were heard, four being fired. The men who were playing faro rushed toward the front room, where they met the stranger leaving the house, excitedly flourishing a pistol over his head.

Morton was not to be seen. He had retreated toward a window when the firing began, and on receiving two shots, one in the right elbow and one in the left shoulder, attempted to leap out of the window, when a third shot struck him behind the right ear, causing the body to fall to the brick sidewalk below. The stranger leaned out of the window and fired a fourth shot. On leaving he was met by a crowd, but it scattered at sight of his weapon. He was finally arrested by the police and identified as a cigar manufacturer named R. Gorman.

There are about 3,000 Indians on the Texas frontier eager for plunder.

MATRIMONIAL MOLLIE.

The Many Marital Adventures of a Bewildering Blonde Beauty, as Revealed Through the Intricate Workings OF THE DIVORCE MACHINE.

Her Brilliant Launching on the Uncertain Sea of Connubial Felicity and Subsequent Voyages on the Same

WITH VARYING STRESS OF WEATHER.

It is scarcely six summers ago since the biography of Miss Mollie Rodman became interesting to the legal profession. So says the *Sunday Mercury*, by way of introduction, and it proceeds then to narrate the marital adventures of the lady in question as follows: On a certain day in September, 1873, she joined an excursion up the North river. She was then in the superb springtide of that fascinating youthfulness which the poets with one accord have defined as "sweet sixteen." But she looked older, rounder, plumper, jauntier, wickered! She possessed the grace of the lily and the complexion of its flower. Her large eyes remind one of those haunting Hebrew orbs which flash like the gazelle's—whose very softness burns—that we are accustomed to see around the fashionable resorts of New York. She was above the medium size, with a wonderfully mature form. Her hair hovered somewhere between yellow and golden, and she wore it artistically arranged to exhibit a complexion without the faintest tinge of color.

On board that same excursion barge was a susceptible young German. He beheld Miss Rodman and became straight way

INTOXICATED WITH HER CHARMS.

Every female reader who has followed the story thus far intuitively knows what followed. There was an introduction, a dance, a stroll round the deck, some vague inanities about the scenery and the weather, a great deal of stealthy staring on the part of David W. Henze, and not much blushing on the side of Mollie, who, by the way, was a young lady of most perspicuous comprehension.

It is to be presumed that the day passed pleasantly enough, and that Dave's attentions were entirely acceptable to the deer-eyed blonde, for when the barge reached her return landing, the young man accompanied Miss Rodman to her home in South Brooklyn, where he had the honor of an introduction to Mrs. Rodman.

The following Sunday Mr. Henze called with a carriage and too Mollie to Prospect Park. After the ride he took supper with the young lady and her mother. The supper was succeeded by music, and the music by conversation, during which Mrs. Rodman learned that David was

A YOUNG MAN WITH "PROSPECTS."

He was employed by a Pearl street firm in the furniture business, and he expected to possess an "interest" in the profits. On the other hand, Mr. Henze learned that the father of Mollie was a mariner of the highest grade—the commander of a sailing vessel of boundless tonnage and extraordinary height of mast. After these mutual confessions David visited the house of the Rodmans frequently. In a document executed about seven or eight months subsequent to the period to which we have arrived, a bold and formal history of the new-born intimacy is thus given: "That on or about the month of September, 1873, at the city of New York, this deponent became acquainted with the above named defendant, and said acquaintance soon ripened into mutual attachment and friendship. That on or about the month of November, 1873, at the city of Brooklyn, in consideration that this deponent, who was then unmarried, marry him, the said defendant promised to marry this deponent within a reasonable time. That deponent confiding in said promises so made as aforesaid—" But let the story be told in a less soul-floralizing fashion. One evening while Mrs. Rodman was at the theatre Dave and Mollie

HAD SOME CHAMPAGNE.

Let us return to the comprehensive language of the legal document for a brief space: "And deponent further says that after the making of said promise of marriage, and the presentation to her of a turquoise engagement ring, the defendant became very ardent, and apparently affectionately, and vowed that he loved deponent fondly and her alone, and that he would soon make her his wife, and by means of said promise of marriage so often repeated, the said defendant, at the said city of Brooklyn, on or about the 27th day of November, 1873, succeeded in seducing this deponent."

In the early part of June, 1874, Miss Rodman and her mother visited the law establishment of Messrs. Howe & Hummel, and a couple of evenings later, when Dave was leaving the store, an oleaginous and persuasive young gentleman met Mollie's whilom lover at the door, handed him a neatly folded paper and invited him to share the hospitalities of the Hotel de Ludlow. Next morning he produced bail, being held in \$3,000. Soon after he was arrested on another charge. Once more he furnished satisfactory bail. A third time he was arrested, but when he heard that this charge would go before the Grand Jury

HE STRUCK HIS FLAG.

"Bring the girl to me, that I may marry her," he said. On the 29th of July, 1874, the auspicious ceremony was performed in Messrs. Howe & Hummel's sanctum. Mrs. Henze had a tumble down stairs a few days after the ceremony. The accident precipitated the pangs of maternity, and the young wife of seventeen was delivered of a stillborn child. The married life of Mr. and Mrs. Henze appears to have been far from happy. The girl-wife was glibly and willful, the husband would seem to have been

ing and jealous. About Christmas, 1874, she met James F. Fitzgerald, who had a wife and child in Yorkville. He was engaged as traveler for a wholesale liquor dealer, and Mollie accompanied him to numerous balls and places of amusement during the ensuing festive season. In vain did Mr. Henze endeavor to restrain his wife. Futile were the dire threats of Mrs. Fitzgerald to do some desperate and unheard of deed. The pair was inseparable, and early in the spring of 1875 they went West together.

In June, 1876, Mrs. Fitzgerald employed Messrs. Howe & Hummel to commence

PROCEEDINGS FOR A DIVORCE.

The case was brought in the Marine Court, and was undefended, and Mrs. Fitzgerald was speedily an unattached woman, free to marry again.

A month or two later Mr. Henze consulted a divorce specialist on Broadway, and commenced a suit for an absolute decree. The complaint alleged desertion and adultery with one James F. Fitzgerald and other persons. The decree was obtained in an Illinois court, in which State the pair were living.

Not unaware of those legal proceedings were the pair of delinquents, nor unrejoiced thereat. From the hour that they heard of their several liberties, they felt like a pair of whitewashed, regenerate, old-time lovers, and went to work in a regular orthodox manner.

A wedding ceremony was performed in Chicago, in December, 1875, and then the pair came East to visit their numerous friends. The bride was attired in the latest styles; her fingers glistening with diamond cluster rings; her exquisite ankles were gorgeous with silken hose; her form had attained a luxurious, statuesque magnificence; her eyelashes had grown longer and silkier and subtler; her fair white arms were lovely to behold. Even her mother forgot her daughter's slight moral obliquity in her glorious beauty. Indeed nobody remembered

ANYTHING TO HER DISCREDIT.

Beauty, diamond and dazzling silks, accompanied by an ordinary share of outward discretion, will win their owner distinction and homage where Sisters of Mercy might despair.

The husband finally resolved to commence business in New York. Speedily one of those regularly-advertised God-sent "opportunities" met his sight. He paid the "sacrifice" and became the proprietor of a well established liquor business in a down-town street. An active and gentlemanly bartender is one of the requisites of a moist-goods dispensary in the business portion of the city. The sleek, obliging and indescribable young man was promptly found. By a curious coincidence, as it subsequently appeared, "Alf" had been a playmate of Mollie when they both were in the halcyon, mud-pie-baking period. The store was not open on Sundays, and Alf sometimes dined with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald. Sometimes, or, at least; occasionally, the husband left the pair, who had been children together, alone. Now Mrs. Fitzgerald had a domestic whose name was Julia. Meeting Alf frequently at the door, she smiled sweetly upon the young man, and he may or may not caressed her playfully under the chin with his red right hand. Whenever the "boss" left Alf and milady together the eye of Julia became

A FIXED STAR AT THE KEYHOLE.

And there, more than once, the watchful "Abigail" saw Alf put his arms around Mrs. Fitzgerald's waist, and take long intoxicating draughts from Mrs. Fitzgerald's lips. Did Julia inform the wronged husband? She just did! Alf was instructed to seek another cocktail laboratory, while Mollie rose to explain that she had given Alf one single kiss—just as a kind memento, as it were, of childhood. Moreover, she said she saw no harm in it. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald now broke up their house-keeping arrangements in Brooklyn, stored their furniture, and came over to New York to board. They found a suitable locality and desirable apartments in the neighborhood of Stuyvesant square.

One day after the Fitzgeralds had occupied the front parlor and extension for two months, the landlady made a discovery. She found that the wadding of the locked sliding door had been tampered with. The back-parlor boarder was a young medical student of excessively studious habits and otherwise

A PINK OF THE PROPRIETIES.

As the wadding was not on his side, it was safe to argue that his fingers had not interfered with it. It was thus the landlady reasoned. Perhaps, thought madame, the young man smokes, and Mrs. Fitzgerald may be fond of that kind of music. The idea was dismissed. When the young wife went out madame examined the door with increased suspicion. The door was locked and the keyhole had been originally stuffed with paper. Now the doors were still locked; but the paper was removed. Eternal watchfulness is the price of a high-toned boarding-house. A few days later madame's cat-like surveillance had its reward. The young medical moralist had a key, and during certain afternoons Mrs. Fitzgerald and he used to converse together in the extension.

The medical student took his skull and his carpet bag of bones to another hash-house, and Mrs. Fitzgerald went to her mother's house in South Brooklyn. Mr. Fitzgerald visited the law office of Howe & Hummel, paid a fee, and instructed the lawyers to commence proceedings for a divorce. Papers were drawn, the complaint and summons were served. By her lawyer, Mrs. Fitzgerald put in an answer denying the alleged adultery, and charging him with

THE SAME NAUGHTY OFFENSE.

There was an intermittent interchange of notices and papers between the lawyers. Then the proceedings came to a dead stop. The suit was withdrawn. The grievance was made up, and the reunited pair started for Chicago to spend another honeymoon. This was in the summer of 1876. Mr. Fitzgerald sold out his business here and removed to Chicago. It can hardly be conceived that the conjugal life of the couple would be felicitous after their rather crooked experiences. It was not. About New Year's Mollie took a run down to New York to visit her parents. She remained three months on the pretense that her mother was sick and that her father was ex-

pected home from a voyage to Japan. Telegram after telegram was sent by the husband urging her return. At great injury to his business in Chicago he came after his wife. He found her enjoying herself, and he found also that she had been manufacturing her mother's illness

OUT OF A REMARKABLY ACTIVE IMAGINATION.

Fitzgerald was wroth, and the pair had a lively interview. He struck her, and she had him arrested. As she did not appear in support of the charge, he was acquitted next morning. Then they reconciled, took their furniture from the storehouse and again began housekeeping in Brooklyn. Again the bickerings began. The pair occupied separate apartments. She went frolicking anew with her gentlemen friends, while he employed detectives to watch her. A year since Mr. Fitzgerald sold off his furniture at auction. They have never spoken to each other for eleven months. A fortnight since the husband again visited Messrs. Howe & Hummel's offices, and had papers drawn with a view to divorce. The case is brought in the Supreme Court, and the complaint, which is a lengthy paper, sets forth that the defendant, Mollie Fitzgerald, has committed adultery with several persons at specified hotels in New York, Jersey City, College Point and Newark. Most probably there will be no defense, inasmuch as Mr. A. H. Hummel informed the reporter that Mr. Fitzgerald had received a letter from his wife informing him that he was at liberty to do what he pleased, as she would never see him nor his cursed red hair again.

The Last of a Great Actor.

[With Portrait.]

Charles A. Fechter, the actor, died at his country seat, Richland Center, near Quakertown, Pa., at six o'clock on the morning of the 5th. He had been suffering from jaundice and dropsy since early in the spring. Mr. Fechter was born in Hanway court, Oxford street, London, his father being a German and his mother an English woman. So, in spite of his French breeding and education, he belonged more truly to England than to France. It is authoritatively stated that Mr. Fechter himself entirely repudiated the idea of being ranked as a Frenchman; on the contrary he always called himself an Englishman, though in France he made his essay in the realms of art—first as a sculptor, but subsequently his inclination powerfully tending that way, as an actor. He made his debut at the Salle Moliere in "La Mari de la Veuve," and after a short engagement at the Conservatory he joined a troupe that was making an extended tour through Italy. After a varied career in Paris, during which, though winning enviable laurels, he made bitter enemies and was involved in frequent troubles, he finally bade farewell to Paris in disgust, and made his debut in London on October 27, 1860, at the Princess Theatre, under Augustus Harris's management, as *Ruy Blas*, in Edmund Falconer's version of Victor Hugo's drama of that name. The performance was a successful one. On March 10, 1861, Mr. Fechter appeared as *Hamlet*. He leased the Lyceum Theatre, in London, where he opened on January 1, 1869, in John Brougham's "Duke's Motto," with Fechter as *Lagardere*, which had a run of nearly a year, and was succeeded by "Bel Demonio."

Many attempts had been made to induce Mr. Fechter to visit America, but all failed, excepting Mr. Harry Palmer, who succeeded in inducing him to come to this country under an engagement with Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, then the lessees of Niblo's Garden for a limited number of performances. Mr. Fechter being made the recipient of \$90 sterling for each performance. This included the services of himself and Miss Carlotta Leclercq. Mr. Fechter arrived in New York on December 31, 1869, accompanied by Miss Leclercq, and made his American debut at Niblo's Garden on January 10, 1870, in *Ruy Blas*. After leaving the management of Niblo's Garden, he made a starring tour through the states, after which he assumed the management of the Globe Theatre, in Boston. Mr. Cheney paying him \$80,000 for forty weeks; but before the season was two-thirds over he had some difficulty with Mr. James Wallack, Jr., which ended in his leaving the theatre.

He then made another tour of the states, and on his return to New York entered into co-partnership with Duncan, Sherman & Co. for the purpose of making alterations in the Lyceum Theatre. After spending about \$60,000 out of his own pocket the project had to be abandoned. Subsequently he made a tour through the small towns of Pennsylvania under James M. Sherry's management, of Philadelphia. About four years ago he played an engagement in San Francisco under the management of Frederick Bert. The engagement was a very successful one. He was accompanied by Miss Lizzie Price, and was guaranteed \$500 per night. His only reason, he frequently stated, for taking such a long trip was to raise sufficient money to pay a mortgage on his home in Quakertown, Pennsylvania, which was then due. Since his return from California Mr. Fechter had lived almost entirely at his residence in Pennsylvania.

Fiendish Crime by Negroes.

PETERSBURG, Va., August 5.—A horrible double murder was committed on Friday last at Stony Creek, in Sussex county. James Rose, a colored farmer, who had deserted his wife for Maggie Tinnio, another colored woman, left his home at that place on Friday and came here to make some purchases. After his departure the forsaken wife, accompanied by a negro man named Frank Barker, visited the woman with whom her husband was living. Some words ensued, when the man deliberately shot and killed the woman. Mrs. Rose then seized a spade, and with it literally chopped off the head of an infant child of the murdered woman. The guilty parties were arrested yesterday, near the scene of the murder, by Constable S. G. Harrison, and taken to Sussex Court House. They will have a hearing at the next term of the County Court, which commences on Thursday. Both acknowledge their guilt. Jealousy was the cause of the murder.

DEALING WITH DEMONS.

How an Arkansas Community Proposed to Treat Two Rape Cases of an Intensely Aggravated Character, and the Remarkable Correspondence that Passed Between the Would-be Lynchers and the Sheriff on the Subject.

In our last issue, says the Forest City, Ark., *Courier*, we simply stated the rumor of two cases of rape having been committed in this county; we suppressed names until the rumors assumed a definite shape.

It now appears that on Monday, a Miss Johnson, a young lady about eighteen old, appeared before Squire S. E. Hammond, of Wheatly, and accused her father, W. H. Johnson, of having on Sunday forced his way into her bedroom at about the hour of midnight; that he made improper proposals to her; that he got mad with her because she refused to comply with his desires; he threw her upon the bed, choked her, &c., but did not succeed in accomplishing his hellish design. Black marks were on her throat. They showed the nature of the struggle. The young lady is the daughter of Johnson by a former marriage. He was married to an estimable lady one year ago. He is still at large, but every effort will be made to capture him, and we are afraid that if captured he will never reach this city.

HANGING IS TOO GOOD FOR HIM.

Dr. A. H. Gray, County Examiner of St. Francis county, and a practicing physician of some repute, committed a rape on the person of Mattie Hardee, a motherless child of twelve summers. He was keeping store for his father-in-law, Mr. A. D. McDaniel, at Millbrook. The little girl was the daughter of a tenant farmer of Mr. McDaniel. On Tuesday the child went to the store for a box of matches; while there, Dr. Gray succeeded, so she says, in ruining her life. (We cannot say anything more on this subject, since we were requested to publish nothing that would be likely to prejudice the people against Gray, for by doing so a competent jury could not be gotten up at the October term of the court). We also learn that Gray either has been or will be charged with committing a rape upon the person of Mrs. Pittman's daughter and also on Mrs. Smith's little girl. Both the children live at Millbrook. Is hanging too good for Gray?

Gray's preliminary examination before Squire Nimmo has been going on since nine A. M., Tuesday. A vast crowd has been constantly in attendance. It ended to-day. The court remanded Gray to jail to await his trial at the October term of our circuit court.

ON THE CHARGE OF RAPE.

About two o'clock A. M., Thursday a mob numbering about forty men went to the jail for the purpose of getting Gray into their custody. The sheriff some time the evening before heard of the intended attack on the jail, so he remained on guard all night. During the night the mob sent him a note demanding that the prisoner be turned over to them. He refused to comply with their request, and he, together with his deputy, Colonel Cobbs, and the jailer, Mr. Lancaster, calmly awaited an attack. The mob, although unawed by Parham's reply, wisely concluded that his life would be too great a price to pay for the body of Gray, the rapist. The mob quietly dispersed.

Our citizens were surprised to see Gray at eleven A. M., to-day placed on the western-bound freight-train. It is Parham's intention to take him to Clarendon, and from thence to the Phillips county jail. Parham acted wisely in this matter, since public sentiment is terribly aroused against the fiend, and

HIS LIFE WAS IN DANGER.

The following correspondence sufficiently explains itself:

"FOREST CITY, ARK., July 9, 1879.—CAPTAIN JOHN PARHAM:—We, a part of the citizens of St. Francis county, and your staunch supporters, believe and are fully convinced that Dr. Gray has perpetrated a crime equaled by none in the county. Now we, your friends, ask you to deliver peaceably the said Dr. Gray into our hands, as we feel to rid the country of such a nuisance will be beneficial. We do not wish to use any violence, but must have Dr. Gray. We do this as friends of yours, in order that we do not get hurt or hurt you, our friend. We number about forty, and are determined to have him at all hazard. We would be grieved to swap blood with you, but if compelled to we will do it.

"WE THE MOB."

"AT THE JAIL, July 9, 1879.—SIRS:—In reply to your note duty admits of but one reply. I have sworn to support the law. If I must die in its support I shall do so. You, if I am to believe your note, have elected me to what I am doing. I cannot falter in my duty. I shall die at my post. Before you commit the rash act you contemplate, I ask that you give Mrs. Lancaster time to take her family to a secure place. I shall resist to the last, and with all the means in my power. I am determined to stand by the law. I believe that Gray is guilty, but call upon you as sensible men to let the law take its course. You would have a contempt for me if I should quail before forty times as many. I do hope that you will reconsider, and that my sense of duty will not force me to swap blood with any one, but when the issue is death or the abandonment of a sworn duty, I prefer death. I shall not permit any one to molest Dr. Gray as long as I have breath in my body. I write this not as a boast, but with all sincerity. I leave the consequences with you. Mrs. Lancaster will remain here until I hear from you. Hoping your better judgment will prevail, I leave the matter with you.

"JOHN PARHAM."

"Sheriff of St. Francis County."

At the funeral of Mrs. Tift, at Mystic Bridge, R. I., a neighbor rummaging in a bureau drawer found a watch that long had before been stolen from him. This led to a search by other persons whose residences had been visited by burglars, and it was found that the Tift house was a store of plunder. The thief proved to be the deceased woman's son, who had been an active member of a Baptist church.

JEFF DAVIS' LEGACY.

The Alleged Inside History of the Bequest of a Rich Lady, Which Gives the Ex-President of the Confederacy

A GRAND SOUTHERN ESTATE.

Prospect of a Lively Legal Contest Over the Will Foreshadowed in the Statement to a Newspaper man

OF ONE OF THE NEGLECTED HEIRS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 2.—Mortimer Dahlgren of this city is a son of Gen. Charles G. Dahlgren, and one of the prospective contestants of the will of Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, whose fortune was bequeathed to Jefferson Davis. Mr. Dahlgren keeps a cigar shop at Easton and Garrison avenues, is 23 years of age, tall and of imposing presence, like his father, the ex-rebel General, and his uncle, the Union Rear-Admiral and inventor. Mr. Dahlgren is the chief witness relied upon by the contestants to prove that Jefferson Davis exerted an undue influence upon Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, which resulted in a gift of Beauvoir, her splendid home in Mississippi, on the Gulf of Mexico, to the ex-President of the Confederacy, while she was yet alive, and the bequest to Jefferson Davis of all her property at her death. The fact that Mr. Davis obtained Beauvoir before Mrs. Dorsey's death, although suspected by the other heirs, is made known definitely for the first time by Mr. Mortimer Dahlgren. It is argued by the heirs that Jefferson Davis apprehended a contest of the will, which was already in existence when Beauvoir was transferred to him, and that he took the precaution to obtain in fee simple the beautiful place which he had often said would render him happy

IF HE COULD CALL IT HIS HOME.

Mr. Mortimer Dahlgren, who was Mrs. Dorsey's half-brother, lived at Beauvoir from March 5, 1877, to March 23, 1879, and quit the place because, as he says, Jefferson Davis became owner and director of the property, and exerted a greater influence over Mrs. Dorsey than Mr. Dahlgren could. "I have evidence," he says in an interview with a *Globe-Democrat* reporter, "that will place Jefferson Davis in an unenviable light before the world, and will show that he is by no means the chivalrous and upright man that he is by many supposed to be."

Mr. Dahlgren went to Beauvoir, he says, at Mr. Dorsey's request to take business charge of her affairs. He was then just through school in Virginia, and he met Mrs. Dorsey in New York. She had always seemed to favor him most of all the children her mother bore after her marriage to Gen. Dahlgren, and she begged him to go South with her. She promised him faithfully, he avers, that she would treat him as her child, and that he should never want for anything. When they reached Beauvoir they found Jefferson Davis there, with his son Jefferson Davis, Jr. Mrs. Davis was in Europe. Gen. Joe Davis, nephew of the ex-President, had a law office in Biloxi, five miles away, and Jefferson Davis, Jr., was studying law under his instruction, and Mr. Dahlgren also went into his office. Mr. Dahlgren became

MRS. DORSEY'S BUSINESS MANAGER.

He took general charge of the plantation, made all the contracts, and paid all the bills. Life was then very pleasant at Beauvoir. Mrs. Dorsey and Mr. Davis were daily in intimate conversation and literary work. In October of 1877 Mr. Davis and his son went to Memphis to meet Mrs. Davis, who had just returned from Europe, but Mr. Davis speedily returned to Beauvoir, and his son remaining with his mother, fell a victim to yellow fever the next year.

When asked as to Jefferson Davis's employment at Beauvoir, Mr. Dahlgren said: "He was almost constantly writing or conversing with my sister; he helped her with her book; indeed, I think she wrote much of it at his dictation. She seemed at this time to have conceived a great appreciation of his literary pretensions. On Christmas Day of 1877, Mrs. Dorsey gave a dinner to Gen. Jubal Early at Beauvoir, and a roasted peacock was served. It was stuffed and placed upon the platter as though about to fly. The same night she gave a party in Gen. Early's honor. The old Virginia reel was proposed, and Jefferson Davis, Gen. Early, Dr. Hollingsworth and Major W. T. Walthall danced, although they declared that

THEY HADN'T DANCED SO IN TWENTY YEARS.

Mrs. Dorsey entertained magnificently, and it was considered a special mark of favor to be invited to her social gatherings, which were chiefly composed of either literary celebrities or politicians of prominence. Mrs. Davis was rarely at Beauvoir. She visited there about June 1, 1878, and did not purpose to remain long, but the outbreak of yellow fever delayed her return to Memphis. She started for Memphis shortly before Jan. 1, 1879, but her husband remained and seemed like one of the family. Mrs. Dorsey's admiration for him was very great. She was a very impulsive woman, and seemed a monomaniac regarding Mr. Davis. She thought that he had been persecuted by his enemies, and that since he had ceased to be President even his former friends had neglected him. She seemed to be bound up in Jefferson Davis. He ought to have seen it, and not have suffered the motives of an innocent and excellent lady to be misconstrued in the eyes of the world."

In February last Jefferson Davis went away from Beauvoir, but he returned in the same month, and then it was—so Mr. Dahlgren charges—that Jefferson Davis

BEGAN TO UNDERMINE HIM.

Mr. Dahlgren had in the meantime graduated in the study of law, been appointed postmaster at Beauvoir, and become the law partner of General Joe Davis, and a half owner in the *Seashore Gazette*, published in Handsboro, four miles from Beauvoir. His account

of his last few week of life at Beauvoir, when, he says, Jefferson Davis began to undermine him is told as follows:

"At this time only Mrs. Dorsey and Davis and myself were in the place, excepting, of course, a large routine of servants. Mr. Davis gradually—though not offensively at first—began assuming the management of the place while I was absent at my office. My sister tolerated it. She seemed to think that everything he did was of necessity right. His very tread was that of one born to control. He stalked about the place in a domineering and despotic way. If he disliked a servant he had only to intimate his dislike, and the servant was discharged. I saw him on one occasion kick a crippled negro down a back stairs for some fancied insult. The darkey was an old family servant, and perhaps

PRESUMED ON THE FACT.

The matter was referred by Jeff to my sister, who discharged the servant, but subsequently took him back after he had apologized to the ex-President. Mr. Davis threatened to beat another negro for disregarding an order of his, and carrying out one of mine. By this time things came to such a pass that I never knew whether my orders would be obeyed or not. Mr. Davis countermanded them. Our relations were otherwise still pleasant, for we built and launched a boat together. But I soon saw that, completely under the control of Mr. Davis, as she now was, my sister, Mrs. Dorsey, was greatly embarrassed. My self-esteem would not permit me to remain longer, and I told my sister I would go west. She pleaded with me to remain, and said that I might have a house and lot if I would do so. I didn't accept the latter offer, and she then said that as I seemed determined to go, she would give me some of her lands in either Louisiana or Arkansas, as I preferred. I chose Arkansas, and she said that she would at once write to her agent in Arkansas to have the deed made out in my name and sent to me.

"In the meantime I discovered, to my great surprise, that Mrs. Dorsey had

PRIVATELY SOLD BEAUVOIR TO DAVIS ON TIME.

It was understood to be a mere nominal sale, and Davis was to give notes running one, two and three years, I believe. I sought an explanation, and Mrs. Dorsey told me there was a private understanding between her and Davis that whenever she desired he was to deed back the land. She said she had merely given the ex-President a home for his old age—a shelter over his head.

"The day of my departure (March 23rd last), Jefferson Davis came to cottage, I lived there and ate in the main house. Davis said, 'You know under what circumstances Beauvoir is in my name. I think you are doing wrong to go away, for it is your sister's wish and mine that you remain and occupy this house. Your horses will be cared for and your meals served in your room if you like.'

"Davis urged this course, but I told him I couldn't live in his house, and I went away."

In May last Mr. Dahlgren met his sister in the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans. She was there for surgical treatment of a malignant cancer. It was on this trip that Mrs. Dorsey attracted attention by taking with her a large picture of Jefferson Davis, painted by the wife of her brother, Colonel Stephen P. Ellis, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The portrait was hung on the walls of her room.

BY HER BEDSIDE.

Mrs. Dorsey said that she had been too busy to write to her agent about the Arkansas property, and Mr. Dahlgren says that she reiterated her promise that he should have the property, and told him if he intended to practice law in Biloxi to select a house there, or have one built, and she would pay for it. He visited near Beauvoir, which was then occupied by Jefferson Davis and General Joe Davis and wife, but he did not call. Mr. Davis, he says, spoke bitterly of this slight, and Mrs. Dorsey reproached her half brother for want of courtesy to the ex-President.

"I have every reason to believe," Mr. Dahlgren continued, in answer to a question as to Jefferson Davis's influence in preventing Mrs. Dorsey from fulfilling her pledges in respect to the property. "I have every reason to believe, from her constant protestations to me, that but for the influence of Mr. Davis, who had taken a dislike to me, the property would now be in

THE HANDS OF THE LAWFUL HEIRS.

I shall tell more when the will is contested, and justice is done to myself and family. Then we shall show not only how we have been defrauded of our rights, but shall show up Jefferson Davis to the contempt of the public, so that he may no longer parade before the world as a model man. Jefferson Davis puts my sister in a wrong position before the world. He could not affect her reputation among those who knew her, but the world at large might judge differently, not knowing her. Jefferson Davis must have known that, virtually living separate from his wife, by so long companionship with another lady he was compromising Mrs. Dorsey's reputation—compromising a wholly innocent and most estimable lady, whose bounty he was living on."

Attempt to Shoot the New Orleans Collector.

NEW ORLEANS, La., August 4.—About half-past ten o'clock this morning, as General Badger was ascending one of the side entrance stairways from the lower floor to the main offices of the Custom House, he was suddenly met by William Brown, an ex-Metropolitan policeman, who, with the remark, 'I've got you now,' drew a revolver and fired at the head of the Collector. Seeing the man's movement Collector Badger caught his arm and diverted the shot over his shoulder, and then took the pistol from Brown and threw it down stairs. Brown lost a leg on the 14th of September, 1874, under Badger, and was among Badger's first appointees as Postmaster. Becoming Collector, Badger left Brown in the Post Office, where he failed to remain. The Collector thinks Brown was crazed by poverty, and seems unwilling to prosecute him. Brown evidently thinks General Badger should have given him a place in the Custom House.

TAKING AN AWFUL TUMBLE.

A Guest at an Open Air Tea-Party at the Palisades, Where Thirteen Guests were Recalling Superstitions, of the Ill-omened Number, Falls Headlong Down a Two Hundred and Fifty Feet Precipice, But Escapes with Comparatively Trifling Injury.

[Subject of Illustration.]

David M. Anderson, a young man employed in a hardware store at 35 Cliff street, in this city, lay in the residence of Mr. George S. Coe, in Englewood, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, 2nd inst., suffering from numerous wounds received in a tumble over the Palisades, and it is considered almost miraculous that he escaped with his life. On Friday evening several of the young people of Englewood were invited to attend an open air tea party at the residence of Mr. Coe, the president of the American Exchange National Bank of this city, who has a beautiful home at Englewood. His grounds extend back to the Palisades, and included in them is a narrow defile lined by perpendicular walls of rock and known as "the gorge." The gentlemen in the party were Mr. Coe's son and his nephews George S. and James H. Coe, William Stanley, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Anderson. Several of the young gentlemen drove up from the village and tied their horses to trees

ON THE BRINK OF THE PALISADES.

The heads of the horses were turned from the river. All the horses were very close to the edge of the gorge, and that of Mr. Stanley was so close that the rear wheels of his carriage were only a few feet from the brink.

When the party sat down to refreshments at about ten o'clock, one of the young ladies observed that there were thirteen present, and that because of the superstition of ill-luck attached to that number they must be careful. This remark led to a repetition of the superstitious legends and traditions that are hinged upon the number thirteen. The conversation had followed in that direction for some time when it was observed that Mr. Stanley's horse was very restless. Several of the young men started to attend to the horse, but just as they reached the point where he was picketed the animal broke loose and

RACKED OVER THE PRECIPICE.

The young men stepped upon the verge and looked over to see how far the horse had fallen. What occurred is best told by one of the party who was a little behind the others.

He had just been singing a song, he said, the words of which were about the mystic number thirteen, when some one cried out, 'There goes one of the horses over the gorge.' "I jumped up and saw the horse just as he broke from his fastening and disappeared. For a minute I was paralyzed. When I did creep near the gorge I saw flashes of light fly from the rocks far down. These sparks shone through the trees as horse and wagon quickly passed to the road-bed at the river's bank. Hardly had I time to notice them before I was chilled with a shriek, and, looking, I saw Anderson falling with lightning speed down the steep sides. The shrieks of the women and the suppressed groans of the men of the party recalled me.

I NEVER EXPERIENCED SUCH A FEELING.

I thought that I, too, was going over the cliff. The excitement was so intense that I now wonder that more of us did not fall down."

The distance to the foot of the gorge is fifty feet. And from that point the Palisades slope outward very slightly until they reach the river. Those looking over the edge heard the body of their companion strike with a dull thud, and then slide and tumble among the bushes and over the rocks about 200 feet further down. As soon as they regained their self-possession, one of the party started for Mr. Coe's house and another took a carriage to go for a physician, while the rest ran along the edge of the bluff a short distance to where a winding road begins to descend the face of the cliff. Mr. Coe joined the party of rescuers. They were encouraged in their search by the fact that one of the number had been thought-fallen enough to call from the top of the cliff to the fallen man. At first a groan was the only response, but at length they heard the feeble answer, "Help! help!"

It was nearly an hour before the party of rescuers found Anderson. They had to pick their way along dangerous ledges, clinging to bushes and small underbrush for a support. They were uncertain of the exact direction to take, and lost time until they got within sound of

THE WOUNDED MAN'S MOANS.

His body had been caught in the limbs of a fallen tree that lay across a little gully. He was suspended by his arms and his feet only touched the ground. Below him a few rods lay the dead horse and the wreck of the carriage. From the latter a stretcher was improvised, and the apparently dying man was borne on it to a carriage on the roadway.

Two hours passed from the time Anderson fell until he was placed in the carriage. He was taken to Mr. Coe's house, where Dr. Currie, of Englewood, was awaiting his arrival. Neither he nor any of the anxious friends expected to see the young man alive. A careful examination showed that only one bone was broken, the smaller bone of the right forearm. But Anderson's face and head were in a terrible condition. Parts of his scalp had been torn off, and

HIS FACE WAS CUT BEYOND RECOGNITION.

Intense as his sufferings were, he had not fainted nor did he lose consciousness while his wounds were being dressed. The doctor said that he did not believe any other living man ever had so many stitches taken in his head. So far as could be learned Anderson had suffered no internal injuries.

Anderson's first fall from the overhanging rock was a sheer descent of 50 feet, and he tumbled and slid at least 200 feet further. The physician thinks Anderson struck on his right side and arm. He is a stout, muscular young man. His clothing was torn to pieces, yet the bruises on his body and legs were very slight.

The last previous accident of the kind in the neighborhood happened eight years ago. A young woman fell from the same point that Anderson did. She was instantly killed, and nearly every bone in her body was broken.

A MISCREANT'S AUDACITY.

Forcing His Way Into the Room of a Lady in a Hotel During the Temporary Absence of Her Husband, and Making a Determined Attempt at a Criminal Assault.

PITTSBURG, Pa., August 2.—On Tuesday afternoon Mr. E. A. Crocker, of New York, arrived in the city on an afternoon train, accompanied by his wife, a handsome young woman, to whom he was married quite recently. Mr. Crocker is a cutter of clothing, and had secured a contract with a firm of merchant tailors at Evansville, Ind., to which city he was removing with his young wife. As they could not leave the city until the departure of the first train west, which would leave at three minutes to twelve, Mr. Crocker concluded to stop at a hotel until that time. He therefore went with his wife across Liberty street, with the intention of stopping at the Rush House, where he remembered that he had stopped several years ago, at which time what is now Lundy's Hotel was included in the first named hostelry. On arriving in front of Lundy's Mr. Crocker inquired of a runner for the private entrance to the Rush House, when that person took them into Lundy's. As soon as they reached the parlor Mr. Crocker discovered that he was not in the house he intended to patronize, but he concluded not to make a change for the

SHORT TIME HE WAS TO REMAIN IN THE CITY.

After dinner the guests were shown to a room, and about three o'clock the husband started out to visit a friend who is employed in a glass factory on the south side. Shortly after his departure Mrs. Crocker heard a knock at her door, and before she had time to speak a young man burst into her room and laid violent hands upon her. Thinking the fellow meditated robbery, the lady placed her hands upon her gold watch, for the purpose of saving it. The villain then seized Mrs. Crocker about the waist and attempted to throw her on the floor. The lady's screams attracted the attention of a St. Louis man, who hurried up-stairs, reaching the room where the outrage was attempted just as the sounder was leaving. Not understanding the situation, the gentleman permitted the fellow to escape.

Mrs. Crocker was nearly dead with fright when the St. Louis man entered the room, and that person at once apprised the landlord of the affair as well as he could from his limited knowledge of it. Mr. Lundy obtained from the lady a full statement of what had occurred, and upon investigation he learned that the perpetrator of the outrage was the runner, Orville Cushman. He told the lady he would have the man arrested, but made no effort to do so, according to the statement of the St. Louis man, who went himself and

NOTIFIED A POLICEMAN OF THE OUTRAGE.

He says the officer, whose cap was numbered "105," did not at once institute a search for Cushman.

In the evening, when Mr. Crocker returned to the hotel and was informed of the outrage, he took his wife to the Union Depot, where they remained until the western train went out. During the night he was visited by one of the detectives, who promised that the police would make diligent search for Cushman. But this was several hours too late, and the villain had ample time to hide himself. Up to two o'clock this morning no trace of the man had been discovered. Cushman is a small man, about nineteen years of age. Mrs. Crocker says she scratched his face with a ring during the struggle, and the marks, which are on the right side of his nose, may lead to his arrest.

A Woman's Marvelous Hallucination

George C. Western, who recently returned to Albany, Ga., from a trip through the Seventh district of Worth county, describes a strange case of hallucination investigated by him in that section of the State. A few weeks ago a woman from the humble walks of life grew interested in the protracted meeting at a neighboring church, the Union Baptist. Shortly before the close of the meeting she joined the church. "Going back home," says Mr. Western, "her incoherent, maddened and rambling conduct was noticed by her husband and children and they became terribly excited about it. She went raving about the house and yard with a bucket of water baptizing everything in her pathway. She baptized her husband and each one of her children, and, while doing this, sang the most beautiful songs—songs that she had heard but once or twice. Although an unlettered woman (her husband will swear this), she reads any chapter in the Bible readily, pronouncing correctly and distinctly, paying attention to punctuation, points, etc. She preaches nearly all the while, uses the choicest words, and displays great wisdom and knowledge in the handling of different subjects. Although no Mason, she knows all the mysteries of that mysterious craft by heart. Dozens of Masons have gone to see her, and they all come away dumfounded. Her husband has come to the conclusion that she is a witch. She has attempted acts of violence, but, as yet, has done no harm. He, with outside assistance, at one time tried to incarcerate her in one of the rooms of the house, but the doors became unmanageable, and wouldn't stay locked. She hasn't slept in eighteen days and nights, and during that time has taken but a few morsels of food. Hundreds are flocking to see the frenzied woman."

A deadly combat occurred near Franklin, Ky., on the 6th, between Elijah Cockrill, a young lawyer, and Milton Taylor, resulting in Taylor's killing Cockrill's breast with buckshot fired from a double barreled gun and killing him almost instantly. Taylor had rented a farm from Mrs. E. Wickware and had become offended at Cockrill's inspecting it. The lawyer went to the barn with several others, when Taylor came out with the gun and ordered him to leave. Cockrill fired at and missed him, upon which Taylor fired the fatal shot.



AMBUSHED BY HORSE-THIEVES—DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN DETECTIVE LLEWELLYN AND HIS POSSE AND THE "DOC" MIDDLETON GANG OF DESPERADOES, AFTER THE OFFICERS HAD BEEN LED INTO A TRAP, PREPARED FOR THE PURPOSE OF ASSASSINATING THEM, BY THE LATTER, IN THE NIOBRARA COUNTRY, NEBRASKA.—SEE PAGE 8



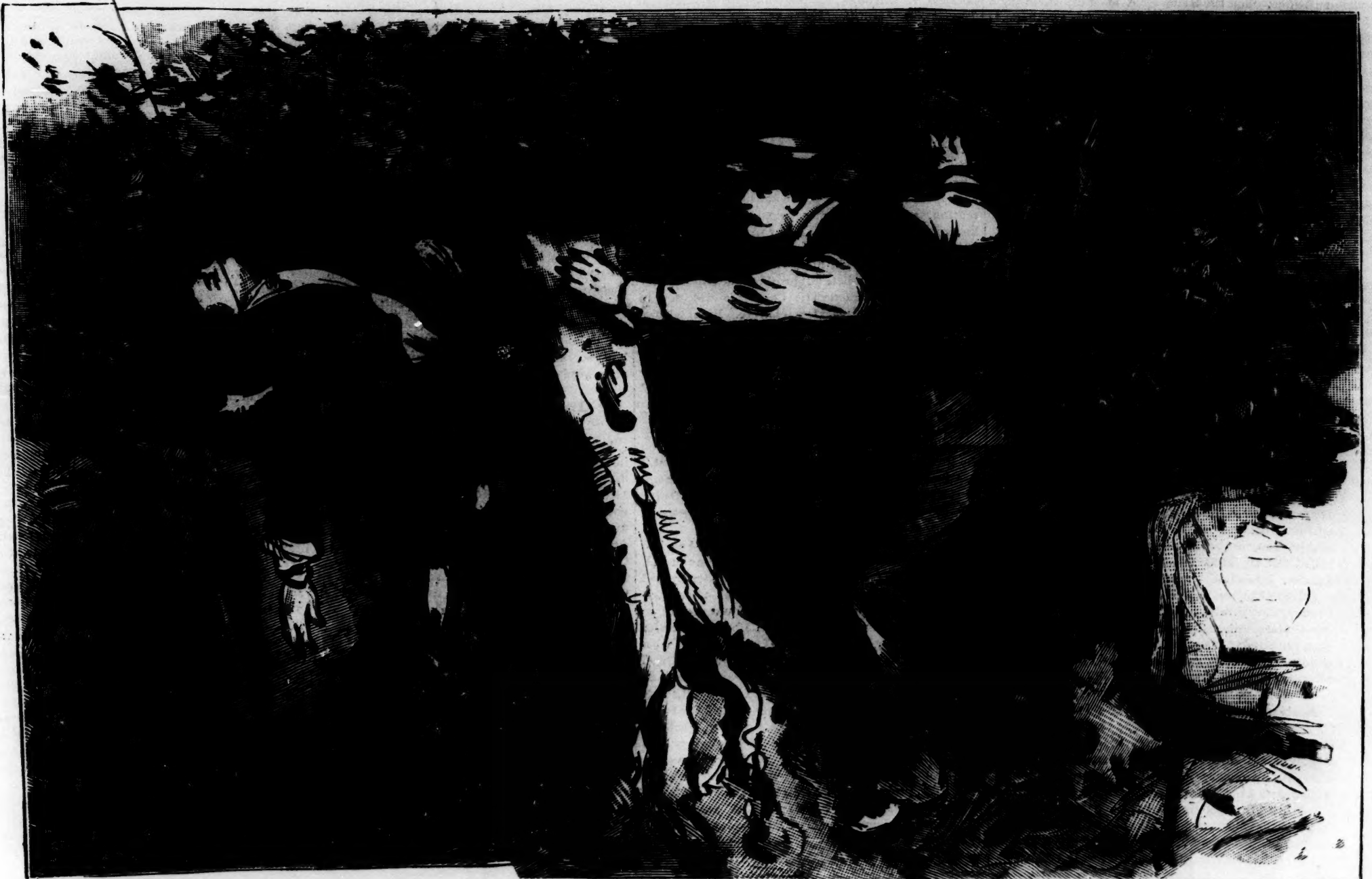
A CASE OF DOG EAT DOG—THE NEGRO, ASA MORGAN, A CONFESSED PARTICIPANT IN THE BRUTAL MURDER OF THE DEFOORS, TRACKED BY A BLOODHOUND TO A STRAW-STACK, FROM WHICH HE IS DRAGGED OUT AND SECURED BY CAPTAIN STARNES, AFTER SAVAGELY RESISTING THE CANINE AND HUMAN AGENTS OF THE LAW; NEAR ATLANTA, GA.—SEE PAGE 11



JACOB HAERMANN SHOOTS HIMSELF THROUGH THE HEAD BESIDE THE INCLOSURE CONTAINING THE VULTURES, IN CENTRAL PARK, AND, FALLING AGAINST THE CAGE, THE BLEEDING CORPSE IS IMMEDIATELY ATTACKED BY THE RAVENOUS BIRDS; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 5.



HORRIBLE AND FATAL CATASTROPHE—MR. JOHN HOWE AND HIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE ARE PRECIPITATED INTO A DEEP CESS-POOL BY THE GIVING WAY OF THE FLOORING, RESULTING IN THE DEATH OF THE UNFORTUNATE LADY; NEWPORT, KY.—SEE PAGE 5.



TAKING AN AWFUL TUMBLE—MR. DAVID M. ANDERSON, J., EXEMPLIFIES THE ILL OMEN BY FALLING AT AN OPEN AIR TEA-PARTY OF THIRTEEN, AT THE PALISADES, ENGLEWOOD, N. HEADLONG DOWN A TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET PRECIPICE.—SEE PAGE 7.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

A Practical Man's Idea of Solving the
Mother-in-Law Question—The Sanguinary Italian at Work.

DRINK'S DOLEFUL DIATRIBE.

A NOTED DESPERADO CAGED.

CHEYENNE, WY., August 3.—"Doc" Middleton, a cattle and horse thief was brought here last night from Nebraska and placed in the county jail for safe keeping, the jail at Sidney being deemed insecure.

A LIVELY TEXAN ADVENTURE.

ARLINGTON, TEX., August 3.—Deputy United States Marshal George White and party, with their prisoner, Tom Alford, while en route for Fort North, were attacked by three of Alford's brothers, and in the skirmish which ensued White was shot in the groin and perhaps fatally wounded, but they rescued the prisoner and escaped.

A NEGRO'S FRIGHTFUL DOUBLE CRIME.

DELTA, LA., July 30.—Information received here states that a negro in Claiborne parish entered a house occupied by two white girls, killed one and criminally assaulted the other, then robbed the house and fled. Five hundred citizens organized and went in pursuit of the culprit, Herman Morter, who was found and immediately disposed of.

SAVAGE STREET AFFRAY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., August 3.—An altercation occurred on High street at eleven o'clock to-night between two unknown men, supposed to be Italians, on one side and John Green, of South Kingstown, and Peter Drum, of this city, on the other. Green was stabbed, perhaps fatally, in the breast, and was sent to the hospital. Drum was rendered insensible by a blow on the head from a slung shot, but recovered.

KILLED FOR TRESPASS.

PLYMOUTH, PA., August 3.—An altercation occurred yesterday in this borough between a Welshman named John R. Jones and an Irishman named T. T. McSweeney. The latter made a trespass upon the property of the former in an attempt to secure a cow. Jones, it is alleged, fiercely attacked him with an ax, felling him to the ground, and then set two ferocious dogs upon him. McSweeney was terribly lacerated before he was rescued, and to-day his physicians declare that there can be no hope of his recovery.

PROBABLE MURDER OF A POLICEMAN.

BOSTON, MASS., July 30.—At Newton, Mass., early this morning Policeman George F. Baker attempted to stop two young men named H. S. Davis and John Carnell, who were driving rapidly and creating a disturbance, when the latter fired at him, inflicting a wound which will probably prove fatal. Another officer who attempted to stop them was also fired at, but not hurt. Both young men were arraigned to-day and committed to jail in default of \$10,000 bail. They claim they mistook the officers for highwaymen.

PECUNIARY DAMAGES FOR MURDER.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Aug. 1.—The murder of Mrs. Rea by her husband, and his suicide in this village a short time ago, have probably not been forgotten. Rea was drunk when the tragedy was enacted. He bought a keg of McGeachie, the Canandaigua brewer, part of which he drank before committing the murder. The guardians of the children left by Mr. and Mrs. Rea have sued McGeachie for \$20,000 damages under the Civil Damage act. The brewer is reported to be willing to pay \$10,000 in settlement.

FATAL RESULT AT LAST.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 1.—Paul Sherman of Elbridge, Onondaga County, was in the habit of drinking somewhat, and on July 5, was at home partly intoxicated. He got into a quarrel with Charles Casler, who was passing and ordered him off the place. Casler caught up a stone and with the exclamation, "I'll kill you!" threw it at Sherman. The missile struck Sherman's leg, making a compound fracture between the knee and ankle. The fracture was properly treated by a physician, but Sherman did not get along well and on Sunday he became delirious and died.

FIRST DEGREE MURDER INDICTMENTS.

An indictment for murder in the first degree was on 1st presented in the Kings County Court of Sessions against Nicholas Meyners, the German cabinet-maker, who, on the morning of July 17, shot and killed Patrick McDermott, a grocer, at 48 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn. Another indictment also for murder in the first degree was presented against Paul Shinsley, the operator employed in the main office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in this city, who, on Sunday morning, July 13, fatally stabbed Michael Travis, a drunken longshoreman, who had assaulted him at 9 Fulton street.

AN ITALIAN WIFE MURDERER.

Great excitement prevailed early on Sunday evening, 3rd inst., in the neighborhood of 187 Newton street, Newark, in consequence of a report that an Italian named Morris Romano had murdered his wife, Elizabeth Romano. Word was sent to the police station, and when officers arrived a great crowd of people filled the space in front of the house. It proved that Mrs. Romano had been stabbed with a stiletto in two places. One wound was slight, a cut near the region of the heart, but the other, an ugly inch and a half incision in the abdomen, was pronounced serious and probably fatal. It appears that Romano and his wife had had a quarrel in the morning, but a party of friends having called to spend the day, some of them from New York, they bettled their wrath and tried to make their friends comfortable. As the Sunday law

enforcement had closed all regular places of recreation, the Romanos arranged to give their guests amusement in the house. Card-playing was carried on, and Mrs. Romano procured drink, which was indulged in freely. About six o'clock the neighbors heard angry sounds and much noise coming from the Romano apartments in the tenement. Presently Morris Romano was seen to run out of the house and make good his escape. It seems the husband and wife (they are both past the meridian of life) renewed their quarrel, and the former stabbed the latter and then fled. The woman was removed to the German Hospital. Her bowels protruded from the wound in the abdomen. She is about sixty years of age. The stiletto with which the wounds were inflicted has not been found.

A DRUNKARD'S DEMONIAICISM.

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 3.—A serious and probable a fatal stabbing affray occurred in the saloon of Dennis F. McGeary, No. 70 Kingston street, on Saturday night, the victim being Jeremiah Short, a bartender. Shortly after eleven o'clock officers Grady and Clark of the Fourth division, had their attention called to one David Sisk, who was considerably under the influence of liquor and was acting in a very boisterous manner. They followed him down the street a short distance, when he succeeded in getting away. Some time afterward they were informed by a man who was coming down the street that there had been a stabbing affray in the saloon of McGeary. A visit to that place revealed to them that Jeremiah Short, the bartender, had been stabbed twice by Sisk, once in the abdomen and once in the leg. From Short, who was sitting in arm chair when the officers entered, it was learned that about half past eleven o'clock or shortly afterward Sisk entered the saloon and demanded a drink of beer. Some high words followed, provoked by Sisk, whereupon Short ordered him out of the saloon. More words followed, when Sisk took a large clasp knife from his pocket and stabbed his unarmed opponent twice. The blade, which was about four inches in length, entered the lower part of the abdomen, inflicting a wound about two inches in length and half an inch deep, from which the bowels protruded. Not satisfied with his dastardly attack Sisk, who seemed to be maddened by the sight of the blood which poured in torrents from the wound, withdrew the knife and made another vicious lunge, inflicting a severe cut in the fleshy part of the leg. A man by the name of William Fooley, who was in the saloon at the time and witnessed the assault, sprang forward to rescue the bartender from his perilous position, whereupon Sisk dropped the knife and fled. At this juncture the officers entered the saloon. Upon leaving the place Sisk started on a run, but was overtaken at the corner of Essex street and Harrison avenue and brought back to the saloon, where he was fully identified. He was then locked up at Station 4. Short was taken in a carriage to the City Hospital. The would-be murderer is forty-seven years of age. Short is about thirty years old and lives with his wife at 10 Edinboro street. He has always borne an unexceptionable reputation.

Captured The Wrong Chandler.

The San Francisco Post gets off the following account of an alleged bit of roaring political farce: Mr. William E. Chandler, the secretary of the national Republican committee, arrived here last Wednesday, and the next morning Mr. W. E. Chandler, an Eastern acrobat and juggler also reached this city from Chicago to fill an engagement at Woodward's Garden. Last evening our State central republican committee, assisted by many prominent Republicans, tendered the former distinguished politician a dinner at the Palace Hotel, at which there was represented an imposing array of political and financial bigbugs of the party. After the steak-wrestling and knife-awallowing had in a measure subsided the company braced back in their chairs, closed their eyes in the attitude of earnest attention, and the speeches began. Fourteen well-known politicians said that never in the whole course of their public career had they been called upon to do justice to an occasion more fraught with, etc., etc. Eleven heavy capitalists felt proud of the opportunity of extending a characteristic California welcome to one whose eminent services, etc., etc. Eight editors remarked that as what has been already said had been on the whole so well said, they felt that nothing remained for them, but to join in extending the right hand of fellowship to one whose signal abilities, etc.

The occasion of all this oratorical taffy encased the edibles and surrounded the Roederer with heartiness that did the souls of his entertainers good, and when the toast of the evening, "Our Distinguished Guest," was drunk, he steadied himself by placing one hand on the Websterian forehead of Superintendent Dodge and the other on Senator Sharon's virgin dome of thought, and responded as follows:

Gentlemen—my dear oys: I really am—er—knocked endways by this way of blowout. You do me proud, I've er—hearn tell that you California feller treated Booth and Jefferson and them bigbugs of the per-fesshun bang up, but I didn't know you came out so all-fired strong on us variety people. However, I claim to be "The Only Chandler," and I can get away with any man in my line of business that walks on legs. There ain't one of 'em kin keep four cannon balls in the air at the same time—not one, I know. There's that little Dutchman—Kloppelmer—who bills to do my hoop contortion act, but he's a fraud, gents—a perfect fraud. The hoop he crawls through with a glass of water balanced on his nose is just the same size as mine, I admit; but then, it's a rubber hoop, and I can prove it. I'm going to have a benefit next Saturday evening, and I hope you'll all come. Only six bits for reserved seats. I will now pass around the table with the tickets.

But before "The Great Senegambian Juggler" could consummate his frugal intentions he felt like one who trod alone a banquet hall deserted. The guests had quietly but firmly lit it out, and as we go to press the miserable committee, who had captured the wrong Chandler, are still hiding in the foothills until the thing blows over.

A TRIPLE CHOKING IN CHINA.

Execution of Two Siamese and a Javanese at Hong Kong, for the Murder at Sea of the Captain and Mate of a British Bark on Which They Had Shipped as Sailors.

On the morning of the 28th of May, three sailors, two Siamese, and one Javanese, Ali Hassan, and "John" or Kitchel, who had been convicted of murdering at sea the captain and the first and second mates of the British bark Kate Waters, the last named being also convicted of the murder of the cook on shore, and of a Chinese boy, were publicly executed in the compound of the Victoria jail, Hong Kong, China. There was a large attendance, mainly European and Portuguese. The scaffolding was erected close to the protecting wall which overhangs the public roadway, and there, too, a large crowd of Chinese had collected to witness the affair. The men had not spent their time in the approved repentant-peace fashion; they had been callous and unrepentant to the last moment, and to the last degree. A Mohammedan priest had seen them, but that was all.

On being asked whether they desired to see anybody before the day of execution arrived, Ali asked for permission for a woman belonging to his own country, and residing here, to see him; Hassan asked that four or five men he knew residing in Lascar row should be brought to him; John desired the interpreter to be sent for. All this was done, and they held a regular

LEVEE OF THEIR FRIENDS.

Before the time of their execution they jointly emitted a statement to the effect that Ibrahim was the ringleader of the whole of the acts of rebellion with which their crimes of murder were connected. He conceived and stated to them his plan of revenge upon the captain, who had treated all of them most brutally; they were not unready to chime in with his suggestion, because they had suffered so much at the hands of the master. They thought it hard they only should suffer this utmost punishment, and that the others should escape.

At half past five A. M., the chapel exercise being over, the tolling of the bell announced that the men were on their way to the scaffold. The line from the jail door was guarded by a detachment of European and Sikh constables. The executioner, a European sailor who has served out his time in jail, and has been living there for some time as a destitute, getting out during the day to look for a ship, walked in front of them, his face covered with thick black crape

TO CONCEAL HIS IDENTITY.

He was dressed in prison garb, as were also the victims who were soon to suffer from the turn of his wrist. Victoria jail was liberally and picturesquely stamped all over their clothes, at the most erratic angles and in the most unexpected situations. The Governor of the jail and the sheriff walked in front of the solemn procession. The men were each under the charge of two Indian constables, and Wardens Scudder and Cole accompanied them to the scaffold.

The two tallest men in this case were hung from the back beam, Ali, the short lad, being in front. John, the one convicted of five murders, was bound and had his rope and face cover adjusted first. Ali was dealt with next. During this time the executioner was tying him up, Hassan, who has not been well in jail, and is said to have been suffering from heart disease, fainted, and fell back, being picked up at once by those in attendance. He had to be supported until the lever was moved.

THAT DEPRIVED HIM OF LIFE.

Instantaneously on the drop Hassan died; partly it may be from his weak heart, but as likely from his long drop. The platform of the scaffold was about 6½ feet high, and had the longest drop, his toes being within half an inch of the ground. John struggled for a few seconds, but was soon dead. Ali, the lightest and shortest of the three, had, stupidly enough, the shortest drop—and, more stupidly still, the knot of the noose was put under his chin, with a good 2½ inches between it and his windpipe. He struggled and breathed heavily for several minutes, a sight certainly not pleasant to behold, and one which might very easily have been avoided. After they had hung a short time, Dr. Ayres examined the bodies and certified that they were dead; they were, however, allowed to hang for an hour, after which they were cut down.

Frightful Fall of Three Young Ladies.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An accident by which three young ladies were injured, one it is supposed seriously, occurred on Monday evening, 4th inst., at 127 East Seventieth street. Although the disaster took place nearly twenty-four hours before, the police did not learn the particulars until the following night. It appears from the information obtained by Captain Gunner, of the Twenty-eighth precinct, that the house is occupied by the family of the late Lemuel Dinkelspiel. On the evening stated, two young ladies, named Nettie Carminia and Sophia Dodrumer, visited the house, and they were entertained by Hannah Dinkelspiel. During the evening they adjourned to the balcony on the second story, rear. They were chatting together, when suddenly there was a dreadful crash and the young women were precipitated to the yard below, a distance of about fifteen feet. The beams supporting the balcony had given way and the whole of the wood work fallen down. The noise made by the falling timber, and the screams of the injured ladies soon brought assistance. Dr. Arnold was summoned, and after making an examination found that Miss Dinkelspiel was badly confused about the back and seriously hurt. The other ladies were severely, but not dangerously injured. Their wounds were dressed and they were carefully attended to by the other members of the family. Officer Malley, who was on post at the time of the accident, was informed of the occurrence by one of the neighbors. He went to the house for the purpose of getting the details, when he was told by the occupants that nothing of the kind had taken place. Captain Gunner took the matter in

hand and after considerable difficulty succeeded in obtaining the above facts. Miss Carminia resides at 238 East Eighty-second street, and Miss Dobrumer at 163 East Seventieth street. They were taken to their respective homes.

EVE'S DESCENDANT.

Curious Story of a Young Girl Who Was Magnetized by a Serpent and for Weeks in its Power.

A very rare psychological phenomena is related about a snake's influence over a young lady living east of Mt. Vernon, O., by the name of Bertha Miller. For some weeks the parents had noticed that their daughter was showing marks of declining health, evidenced by an increasing paleness and emaciation, and accompanied by a melancholy mood. So marked was the change becoming that they began feeling a great solicitude concerning her and consulted a physician about the matter. The physician visited the girl, but was unable to explain the cause of her decline or to render her aid. It also fell under the observation of her mother that each afternoon, about three o'clock, the girl would leave the house and remain away from one to two hours. This fact being communicated to the other parent, it was decided to watch the young lady and discover if possible the

REASON FOR SUCH HABITUAL ABSENCE.

Accordingly, on the day following, when the hour had about arrived, the father left the house and watched for the going of his daughter. In a few minutes the young girl was on her way through a wood and up a ravine leading from the house to a small stone quarry, some half mile distant, reaching which she took a seat on a flat stone, under a small clump of trees, and remained sitting there quietly for several minutes, her head held in one position, and eyes evidently fixed on one spot. The father had gotten up so near by this time that he could observe all that would happen. In a few moments, to his amazement, there proceeded from the direction in which the girl was looking a snake about four feet in length, and known to him as our common black snake or racer. So astonished was he at the peculiar manner of his daughter and the appearance of the reptile that he remained quiet in his concealment to observe what would happen. The snake crept slowly along towards the girl until

IT HALTED CLOSE TO HER FEET.

After remaining there motionless for a minute or more and gazing fixedly into the face of the girl it slowly and stealthily began creeping toward her, and in a moment lay coiled in her lap. The girl remained perfectly motionless, apparently not the least alarmed at the presence of her visitor, but gazing intently at it. After lying in that position for a short while it slowly uncoiled, crept down to the ground and back to its hiding-place in the rocks. The girl remained sitting motionless for a considerable time, and then got up and retraced her steps to the house. On the next day the father, at the appointed time, took his gun and proceeded to the scene

KILLED THE REPTILE.

The girl, startled at the report of the gun, sprang to her feet, but immediately recognizing her father proceeded without further ado back home with him. She, when interrogated, could give no intelligible reason for visiting the spot, except that at a certain hour she felt strongly inclined to go and sit there. She has rapidly recovered her health, and appears in no wise affected in her mind. Experts can offer no solution to this strange proceeding, the most intelligible being that the animal possessed a powerful mesmeristic influence, and had so wrought upon the mind of the girl that she went automatically to the place. This, in connection with the accumulated inherited disposition to be beguiled by a serpent—transmitted from our first mother, Eve—offers the only rational explanation.

Tragedy Followed by Farce.

DANIELSONVILLE, CONN., August 4.—This town, Killingly, was yesterday the scene of an attempted murder, closely resembling the Manning wife murder of last spring, which occurred about two miles below on the same street. The would-be murderer, Ziba Studley, lives with his wife in East Killingly, and is considered mentally below par. Taking advantage of his weakness, certain young men of the neighborhood have filled his head with stories reflecting upon the virtue of his wife, which, however, are believed to be wholly untrue. He came from work Saturday night with a fresh supply of rumors, and quarrelled with his wife all the evening, retiring late at night. About four o'clock Sunday morning he got up, and, taking a billet of wood, struck his wife several blows upon her head as she lay sleeping. He then ran to the mill pond near by and jumped into the water.

The neighbors were aroused, and after attending to Mrs. Studley, who was unconscious, began to search for the murderer. The pond was dragged and the search continued during the day without avail, the supposition being that he was drowned. About ten o'clock at night, however, he made his appearance at the house. It appears that the water cooled suicidal intention so much that he abandoned the idea, swam ashore, climbed a tree and watched the search for his body during the day. He was arrested and brought this morning before Justice Hutchins of Danielsonville, who sent him to jail to await the result of Mrs. Studley's injuries. An examination by Dr. E. A. Hill showed several severe scalp wounds and a fracture of the skull in the frontal section of her head.

The Insurance Murderers to Swing.

LEBANON, PA., August 4.—Charles Drews, Frank Stichler, George Zichman, Henry Wise, Josiah Hummel and Israel Brandt, convicted in April last of murder in the first degree for killing Joseph Raber, were brought into Court to-day on a writ of error. After hearing the argument Judge Henderson granted a new trial to Zichman, but denied the application of the others, and they were remanded for sentence.

DOG EAT DOG.

A Case in Point of the Old Saying which was Afforded in the Pursuit of One of the Brutal Perpetrators of

THE DEFOOR TRAGEDY.

A Bloodhound With Unerring Instinct Tracks the Suspected Negro to a Straw-Stack Whence it Drags Him Forth and

HANDS HIM OVER TO THE LAW.

[With Illustration and Portraits of the Victims.] In the preceding issue we published an account of the shocking murder of the Defoors, an aged married couple, near Atlanta, Ga. The Atlanta Constitution gives the following account of the capture of the murderers:

Yesterday evening, as the streets were growing dark, a knot of police officers passed through the city in the direction of the jail, having secured guarded in their midst a burly, brutish negro, who stalked along not without some show of pain and weariness. The procession moved rapidly and quietly. The fact that Captain Bill Starnes appeared to lead the party, and that "Lee," Captain Kries's bloodhound, followed in the rear, indicated the facts.

"Is that the d— who killed old man Defoor?"

The question was repeated a hundred times from men who guessed rightly the nature of the quarry the officers had taken.

"It is one of them," replied Captain Starnes, with a smile, mending his pace to escape further inquiries.

The prisoner was soon inside of the barred doors of Fulton County Jail. He is a medium-sized, ginger-cake looking darkey, of wonderfully perfect muscular development, and with a face that might make a fitting

PORTRAIT FOR THE WALLS OF HELL ITSELF.

He was so fatigued and weak that he had to lie down almost as soon as he reached the jail. He had been through a long and rough chase through fields and woods, and had had a fearful double combat with a bloodhound and with that tough citizen, Captain Starnes. He was bitten in the neck and arms severely by the hound, and had the roof of his head badly jostled by a spade in the hands of Captain Starnes.

Ever since the hour the news of the terrible murder of old Martin Defoor and his aged wife reached the city on Saturday morning the police have been hard at work. Aaron Burks, an old freedman living in the Adamsville district, on the Wilson place, came into town and hunted up Captain Starnes, whom he knew and for whom he had worked. He told Captain Starnes the following facts:

On Sunday afternoon a negro man had come to Burks's house and asked for lodging, and also proposed to hire out to Burks. He said that he was from Butts county, and that he was trying to keep away from the railroad and out of the sight of any white men. He aroused the suspicions of Aaron, who asked him many questions. The negro told him that he had knocked his brother-in-law in the head in Butts county, and had

RUN AWAY ON ACCOUNT OF IT.

He asked Burks:

"Have you heard of them people getting killed up here?"

Burks said he had not—which was not the exact state of his knowledge of the matter.

"Yes," said the fellow, "two old white people were killed up here by the river yesterday morning. Somebody chopped their heads off."

Burks gave no intimation of any previous knowledge of the affair, and from the talk of the negro was soon satisfied that he was concerned in the crime. Burks says the negro had money, and told him that he had "plenty."

Yesterday morning Burks told another negro, Doc Davis, to keep the strange negro there until Burks could come to town. He did come to town.

Captain Starnes, George Kries, Officers Goodson and J. M. Wright at once took horse to capture the suspected negro. They went with Burks to his house but the negro had gone. It was suggested by Burks that he had gone to Davis's house, and thither the four officers went at once, eager to give chase, and certain that old "Lee," the best bloodhound in the south, would never lose the trail when he once got upon it, but when the party reached Davis's house

THE HOUND HAD PLOWN.

Doc Davis attempted to throw the pursuers off the track. They knew by his conversation that he was trying to mislead them, and the knowledge served to make them redouble their efforts to strike the trail. Kries and Wright remained in the immediate neighborhood, circling the premises, while Starnes and Goodson went around to the Sandtown road. About this time the dog, a magnificent bloodhound, belonging to Mr. George Kries, struck the scent. Starnes and Goodson at once hallowed to Kries, and Starnes said that he thought he caught a glimpse of a man going in the direction of Utoy Creek. The dog was now warming upon the trail, and when he reached the point at which Starnes had discovered the figure, he opened with full cry and ran down the creek the distance of three miles, the men following in hot pursuit, sometimes mounted, sometimes on foot, the ground being very uneven and in many places swampy.

Having run for three miles down Utoy Creek in this way, the dog suddenly changed its course and ran in the direction of Mr. John Lee's, who lives about nine miles from Atlanta, between the Sandtown and Green Ferry roads. For seven or eight miles

THE DOG FOLLOWED THE NEW HEAT.

The men were compelled to use their utmost speed to keep the animal in sight, until it arrived within

about 100 yards of Mr. Lee's house, when it began to run in circles around a large pile of straw just outside a gin-house. Mr. Kries being satisfied that the negro was in the straw, took the dog into the house. The dog ran at once to a small opening in the straw, and gave every indication that the game was there. Kries put his leg down into the straw, but did not touch the negro. Goodson put his hand down and seized the negro by the nose. Starnes and Wright were on the outside watching. The negro called out to them, saying, "You've got de wrong man. I'm not de man." They pulled him out. The dog fastened its teeth savagely upon his neck. The negro fought furiously. A terrible scuffle ensued. Captain Starnes knocked him down twice with a spade, and they finally conquered him. Young Lee came up and assisted them in taking the negro. Indeed, everybody on the place turned out and took a great interest in the chase.

AS SOON AS THE DOG CAME IN SIGHT.

After they had secured the negro, he asked what they wanted him for. They replied that he had been stealing watermelons. He said he was not the man who stole the watermelons; it was John Morgan. Mr. Kries then asked him where he was on Friday night last. He said he was in Griffin. Mr. Kries next asked him if he had ever been across the Chattahoochee. He said he never had, but had crossed the Ocmulgee. Mr. Kries then asked him where he came from. He said from Alabama, but that he was born in Georgia. He again said, "I'm the wrong man; I never did anything wrong." Kries asked him if he did not cross the railroad on Saturday evening last. He answered that he did not. Mr. Kries inquired whether he heard the dog about that time. He replied that he did not; that the dog was after the white man. Mr. Kries asked him where the white man was. He replied that he did not know.

THE FOUR CAPTIVES WERE CAREFUL.

not to make mention of the murder.

After the above conversation, they started with the prisoner to the city. They talked with him incessantly, and he continued to let slip expressions pointing to his guilt, until they were within five miles of Atlanta, when they met some one in the road who asked them, if that was the man who had killed the old people. Then it was that the negro said, "I did not kill the people." Mr. Kries now said, "Don't tell us any more lies—tell us the truth about it." The negro confessed that he held the light. He said that he and a white man and another negro went to Defoor's on the day before the murder. He and the other negro secreted themselves behind the garden fence at the back of the house, while the white man entered the house; that this was on Friday, at six o'clock in the evening. The white man remained in the house until late at night, when the old people had fallen into a deep sleep. Then he stole down stairs, opened the back door and whistled; and the prisoner and the black mate joined the white man in the yard, and

THERE THEY PLOTTED THE MURDER.

The three went together to the blacksmith shop, and having lighted the lamp brought from the house, the white man entered and secured the sledgehammer. They went back to the house. They decided not to use the sledgehammer. The white man told the prisoner to go and get that ax. He refused. The white man and the other negro cursed him. He then went across the road and got the ax. The three entered the house. The white man took the ax and murdered the old people while the prisoner held the light. The other negro watched at the back door. After the killing the prisoner placed the lamp on the bed where it was found, but not with a purpose to burn the house. They got "lots of money," but they "threw him off." The white man promised to divide, but didn't do it. He (the prisoner) was searching the bureau drawer. The white man whispered to him to get away; he was too slow. He took the boots carried them to the woods behind the house and tried them on, but they were too small, and he left them where they were found. The white man and the other negro went off somewhere in the city. The negro now in jail gives his name as Asa Morgan. He came from Alabama, though born in Georgia. He was recognized by a negro who had known him as a drayman in Mobile.

Singular Attempt at Assassination.

RICHMOND, Va., August 4.—Considerable excitement prevails in fashionable circles to-day over a supposed attempt to assassinate Dr. J. U. Upshur, who resides on the corner of Fourth and Franklin streets, yesterday afternoon. It was about four o'clock, and Dr. Upshur and his friend, Dr. W. Augustus Lee, were seated in the office of the former, discussing a new chandelier which hung from the middle of the ceiling over the office table. They had just turned away from the table, when a ball from either a rifle or a pistol came crashing through the open slats of the window shutter, striking the shade and chimney of the Argand burner, shivering both to atoms, bending the brass, and, glancing, lodged about eight inches above the frame of the door to his consulting room on the opposite side of the office. Dr. Upshur, who was standing at the time, said that if he had been an inch or two taller he would have been killed. Those who heard the report saw no person in the vicinity, though an examination of the corner took place. Dr. Upshur is a young widower of the highest social standing, who is not supposed to have an enemy in the world. Dr. Lee, his companion at the time of the shooting, is also a young but unmarried physician.

The affair is involved in the greatest mystery, no clew having been obtained as to who could have fired the shot or as to what was the motive. It is admitted that it could scarcely have been an accident, occurring as it did in the broad day-light of a Sabbath afternoon in such a mysterious manner.

Charles Ballett, a livery stable keeper at Middletown, Ohio, shot and killed his wife at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 6th, and immediately afterward shot himself through the head, killing himself instantly.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

A Romantic Italian Love Story Presenting Strong Points of Resemblance, as well as Some Essential Differences to that of Shakespeare's Immortal Lovers, Which was Unfolded in the Prosaic Atmosphere of Jefferson Market Police Court.

Two respectable-looking young people, who looked much out of place in the position they occupied, stood before Justice Morgan, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, on the afternoon of the 1st inst. One was a broad-shouldered man with straight red hair brushed up from his forehead and back over his head, sunken eyes and a melancholy look. His companion was a young woman of twenty-one or twenty-two, dressed in a loose-fitting suit of black and listening to the interpretation of the proceedings with a forlorn face. Both were Italians of the better class. The young man, who is about twenty-eight years of age, according to his story and that of his companion, is Edouardo Zola, son of General Tomasso Zola, and nephew of Colonel Nicola Zola, both of the Italian army. The young woman is Adelina Ochetti, the daughter of an Italian gentleman. The parents of both live in the suburbs of Turin. For some years past there has been a feud, arising out of political differences, between the elder members of the families. The Zolas are conservative, while the Ochettis are the reddest kind of radical republicans. Edouardo and Adelina, however, have long been lovers, and

PRIVATELY ENGAGED THEMSELVES TO BE MARRIED.

The engagement was discovered and was followed by the requisite anger on the part of the heads of both houses. A marriage between two such families could not be thought of, and everything was done to keep the young people apart and break off the engagement. But that was all nonsense. They met secretly and became daily more and more in love. Finally the persecution became too much for them and they decided to leave their homes and friends, come to America and live happily as man and wife. The day was fixed for their departure and late in the evening they met, went to Genoa and boarded a steamer, on which they had already engaged passage for America, via Glasgow. About four years and a half ago they arrived in this country. Neither of them had much money. They engaged rooms in this city, but soon found that they not only could not afford to get married, but that they must go to work, and hard work for their livelihood. Zola got employment with an importer in Bleeker street, while the young woman engaged herself in a millinery house. With the money they earned they were able to rent three rooms. Zola began some time ago to be jealous of his companion, and told her he was afraid she loved another, and

BECAME MORE ANXIOUS ABOUT HER DAILY.

He finally threatened her with bodily violence should she receive the attentions of any person other than himself. The young woman had discovered, as she says, by this time that Zola had an ungovernable temper, and fearing for her safety left him and went to live with some friends. He became desperate, and on the 26th ult. waited for her in front of the milliner's shop. When she came on the street he walked up to her and, drawing a razor, threatened to kill her on the spot if she would not return to him. She was frightened and did return, but the next morning left him again and returned to her friends. Zola after several days began to write letters to her, two of which are as follows:

"MONDAY NIGHT.

"LINA: How you have treated me! Great heavens! why could you not have spoken to me frankly or at least have written to me what you were thinking of before you did what you have done? You have abandoned me so coldly without a word. I will not seek any further for you and will cease to have longer honest sentiments for you. I wanted to make you my adored wife, to have adored you all my life. I have looked upon you as I would upon an idol, but you have left me, and, alas!

YOUR HEART NO LONGER BEATS FOR ME.

Lina, I will always love you, and if I find in the future that you are dead, I swear to you that I will find your body if I search to the ends of the earth. Towards the end of this month I go away, and for a whole month after I will wait for you. If you do not come then I will look for a little room, though I have not a cent. Lina, dear, write to me frankly your heart. If you love another all will be ended, but I shall always love you, dear.

EDWARD."

And later the same evening he wrote:

"MONDAY NIGHT—10 o'clock.

"LINA: This is the third letter that I have written you since yesterday, but I cannot longer keep the promises I made you in my other letters. You know I love you, that I repeat ever having done you harm, and the day on which you will return to me I will make you my wife. I pray you to write me right away what you will do. Tell me all from your very heart. I know I cannot oblige you to do anything

CONTRARY TO THE WISHES OF YOUR HEART.

I wish I could. I see that you love another, but for the love I bear you—for all the good that I wish you, please, Lina, write me frankly your intentions. I will submit to you, whatever you say, I beg you, Lina, to relieve me of this painful suspense. What have I done that you should abandon me a second time? Do what you think best, only write me whether or not you want me for your husband. I can say no more. I address you with tears in my eyes. If you do not write me I will find you out. Then our families will be sorry for what will happen. I ask nothing more than a true letter. Remember that Edward has repented and loves you always and madly. Good bye.

EDWARD."

"P. S.—Have pity on me, Lina, but remember that if I have to seek you out

"I WILL KILL YOU WITHOUT PITY."

The girl was badly frightened again, and was advised by her friends to appeal to the law, and introduced to Mr. Cuppia, of an Italian law firm, at 32 Park place. Through him a warrant was obtained for Zola's arrest, and on the afternoon of the 1st, he was taken from his rooms at 144 East Fifteenth street, by two

court officers. He could speak little English and the young woman could speak none. Mr. Cuppia acted as interpreter. Zola admitted everything that was charged against him, but told Justice Morgan that he loved the girl dearly, was anxious to marry her, and would gladly give up everything he had to her. He was unfortunately the second son of the family and came into the possession of no property until he was of age. In two years he would be of age—that is thirty—and he would have 80,000 francs in his own right. He would then be able to support her handsomely.

While the interpreter was translating his words, Zola kept his eyes on the girl and time and again asked her in Italian to come back to him. He said that besides his love he had a sense of honor which told him that he must protect the girl. He had brought her here and must see that no harm befel her. If he left her

HE WAS AFRAID THAT SHE WOULD BE LOST.

He would marry her and never go near her and when he got his property he would give her half of it to do as she pleased with, but for her honor she must marry him. Then in Italian he again begged her to marry him, but she hung her head and said nothing.

"This girl," said the lawyer, "does not wish any harm to the prisoner, and does not even want him locked up, she only wants her safety guaranteed. She loves him as fondly as you see he loves her, but because of his temper she is afraid of him. The only thing to be done is for them to marry, but he has frightened her so that she is afraid to marry him."

The girl said not a word, and appeared to be hesitating. Zola besought her again. He had repented, he said; he had seen his error; he would never be jealous of her or speak unkindly to her. As he spoke he wiped the tears from his eyes, but the girl not even then spoke, though it was

PLAIN THAT SHE WAS DEEPLY MOVED.

Justice Morgan told the prisoner he had done wrong. He could not force the girl to marry him. "You have threatened her," said the justice, "and she is afraid of you. You have repented, but you must show her by your action that you are sincere; you must win her back by acts of kindness."

Zola said he would do anything, but after he had pleaded with the girl again with the same result his eyes filled with tears and he declared that he would kill himself. At this stage of the proceedings Justice Morgan dismissed the case, telling Zola that he hoped his arrest would be a lesson to him. For fully twenty minutes the couple stood in the Court House lobby. Three well dressed Italians were trying to reason with the depressed and melancholy Zola, while the girl stood by with her eyes fixed on the floor. With difficulty Zola was led away, and the girl followed still speaking not a word.

Apprehended by the Police Gazette.

[With Portrait.]

The San Francisco Chronicle, of July 26, gives the following account of the arrest of a murderer, long a fugitive from justice, for his crime, which was committed in Kentucky some three years ago, and who was apprehended through the agency of the POLICE GAZETTE:

The steamer Oregon arrived yesterday morning from Oregon, having on board Deputy Sheriff C. P. Jones, of Wasco county, Oregon, and Samuel Williams, a prisoner in his charge. Williams goes to Liberty, Clary county, Kentucky, where he is charged with having committed the crime of murder. It appears that there has been a family feud of long standing between the Burns and Williamses of Clary county, and on the least provocation pistols would invariably be drawn and recklessly used. About three years ago, during the session of court at Liberty, the county seat, Burns and Williams chanced to meet, and soon were involved in a struggle for life or death, the consequence of which was that Burns was shot dead. Williams surrendered himself to the authorities and was placed in jail, but a mob which came to the jail to release another man also set him free. Williams escaped, and, aided by his friends, reached the Pacific coast. He lived in San Jose for nearly a year and then went to The Dalles, in Oregon. The New York POLICE GAZETTE published the particulars of the affair, giving a likeness of Williams, and making the additional statement that the Governor of Kentucky had offered a reward of \$3,500 for his apprehension. Williams was arrested at The Dalles, and the Kentuckian authorities notified of the same. Nothing was done in the matter, and the Burns family sent word that they would not pay the expenses of his trip overland, and that the reward was \$350 instead of \$3,500. Williams was consequently released, the sum of \$350 being no inducement, and the reward being not enough to pay the expenses of the captor to Kentucky and return. Williams then removed to Portland, and during his two years' stay there made no attempt to escape or secrete himself. Williams claims that Sheriff Jones, who is a native of Kentucky, some time ago concluded to pay a visit to his home on the \$350 reward, obtained a requisition and arrested him, and is now taking him to the east. Williams is an intelligent, well-bred man, about twenty-six years of age. He complained bitterly of Deputy Sheriff Jones, stating that the officer knew not how to treat a man, and had kept a large fifteen-pound iron on his ankle ever since his arrest, not even taking it off on the steamer nor in the city prison. Williams furthermore stated that he never objected to being arrested, and was quite willing to go back and stand trial. On another page we reproduce the portrait of the fugitive murderer, the original publication of which led to his arrest.

Bloody Bar-room Affray.

HARTFORD, Conn., August 1.—An affray occurred in a saloon in New Britain to-day, and the fight was afterward resumed in the street. In the melee Michael Martin stabbed James Brady with a large pocket-knife, killing him instantly. James Stanton was also stabbed, but not seriously. Martin was arrested.

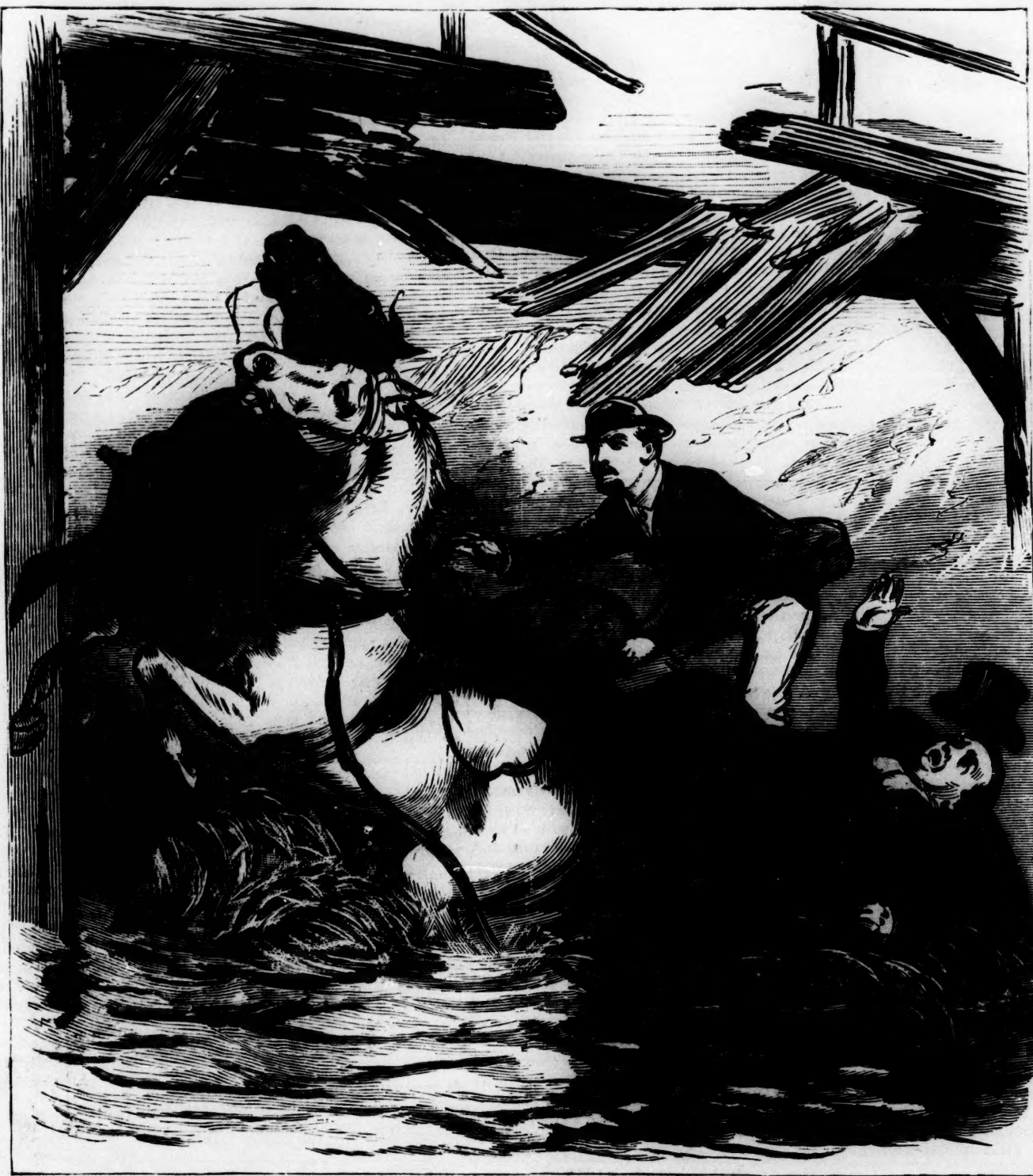
A Priest's Perilous Adventure.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MONTREAL, July 30.—Yesterday an exciting adventure befell the Rev. Father Labelle, the pioneer of the Roman Catholic Church in the country north of Montreal, and the same gentlemen who, it is rumored, will very soon be appointed a Bishop of a new diocese in that section of the country. The reverend Father was on a visit to locate sites for three new churches, and was in the act of crossing Devil River upon a rickety bridge covered with rushing water. He was warned of the danger of the undertaking. He is immensely corpulent, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds. A man of great personal courage, he was working for the church and determined to cross. He drove the horses forward, and had reached the center of the bridge when there was a crash, and horses and men were struggling in the water. The excitement among Father Labelle's attendants was intense. A moment of hesitation, and then two lumbermen dashed into the water and rescued their beloved prelate, with no other mishap than a thorough wetting. The horses were afterward saved with some difficulty.

Bold Suburban Robbers.

About two months ago the village of Rutherford Park, N. J., was systematically and successfully raided by thieves. Within two weeks no less than twenty burglaries were committed and no clue to the thieves could be ascertained. At the village resides Edo Vreeland, chief of the State Detective Association. He laid plans to capture the robbers, but they were wary and eluded arrest. The frequency of the thefts and the inability to catch the depredators alarmed the villagers. A protective association was organized, and a patrol was established. As soon as stringent measures were taken by the citizens to protect their property the robberies ceased. On the evening of the 1st the vigilance of the village officers was rewarded by catching four young thieves, who undoubtedly were the miscreants who perpetrated the numerous burglaries, as their faces are familiar. They arrived on the afternoon train and



A PRIEST'S PERILOUS ADVENTURE—REV. FATHER LABELLE, HEROICALLY PERSISTING IN CROSSING DEVIL RIVER, CANADA, ON A RICKETY BRIDGE, ON URGENT BUSINESS OF HIS OFFICE, IS PRECIPITATED WITH HIS TEAM INTO THE RUSHING WATER AND BARELY ESCAPES WITH HIS LIFE.

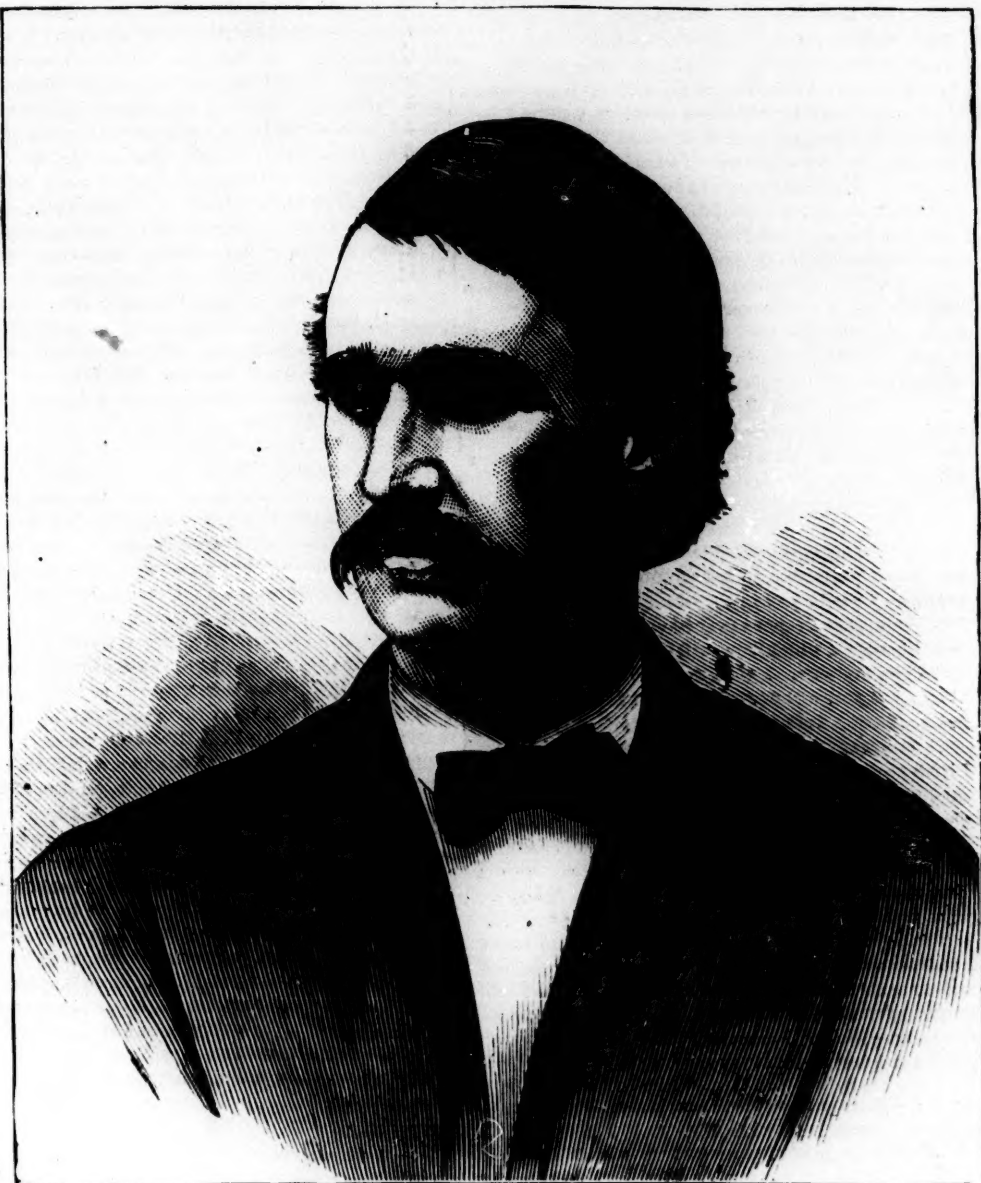
started off in different directions. Two of the quartet visited the residence of Milton Miller. One of the thieves was conversing with Miss Miller while the other unobserved entered the house. He snatched up some trinkets and was detected while leaving. The alarm was sounded, and Officer Willis, who had been watching the pair, caught them both at the gate. Officer Burtis, who was near, hurried to the assistance of his companion, who was struggling to hold the refractory pair. One of the young rascals whistled, and the remaining pair ran to his aid. Constable Phillibert had been tracking the last two, and he started after the pair, who, on seeing they were pursued, started for the swamp. One was overtaken and put in charge of two of the Protective Association, and Phillibert kept up the chase after the other. The pursued, after reaching a pond, swam across and hid in some brush. He was found, and, after another long chase, in which several shots were discharged at the fleeing thief, he was taken into custody. They were arraigned before Justices Earle and McGean and gave their names as John Ryan, Charles Taylor, Thomas Riley and Peter Kelly. They are well known to the police of Jersey City, to which place they belong, and each has been in jail for theft. They were committed to the county jail.

A Wife-Butcher's Doom.

FLORENCE, Ala., July 30.—John H. Bailes, who was charged with having murdered his wife, in Limestone county, Alabama, was convicted of murder in the first degree in the circuit court, at Athens, Ala., on the 26th of July, and was sentenced to be hanged on 12th day of September. Fears being entertained that the prisoner would be taken from the jail and hanged by a mob, who threatened him, upon petition of citizens a special term of the circuit court was held to try him.

Chokings Postponed.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., August 2.—Alexander Bradfoll, white, and Tom Roseboto, colored, sentenced to be executed in Statesville, August 8, for burglary, have been respite by Governor Jarvis until September 19.



REV. WM. H. H. MURRAY, THE POPULAR BOSTON PREACHER, HISTORIAN OF THE ADIRONDACKS AND LOVER OF THE TURF.—SEE PAGE 3.



CHARLES A. FECHTER, THE EMINENT ACTOR; DIED AT RICHLAND CENTRE, PA., AUGUST 5TH, 1879.—SEE PAGE 6.

A DIVER'S DREADFUL DEATH.

Going Down to the Bottom of the Bay in a Suit of Sub-marine Armor, in Spite of Cautions, and Brought up in a few Minutes a Ghastly and Distorted Corpse.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The steamship Italy and the German ship Barbarossa were in collision, recently, in the channel off the Battery. The cable holding the Barbarossa's anchor was broken, and the anchor was lost. The Barbarossa was much damaged, and she was towed to a dry-dock. Her agents determined to recover her anchor if possible, and they engaged for that purpose Joseph Wetherall, who makes a business of grappling for lost anchors and cables. Mr. Wetherall secured the services of James W. Jenkins, an experienced diver. Jenkins told Hugh Bogart, who had been his assistant for many years, to meet him at Pier 1, North River, at five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, 29th ult., with Mr. Jenkins's diving suit, an air pump, and 150 feet of air hose. They rowed in a grappling yawl to where the anchor was lost, about 1,000 yards southwest of Castle Garden. Before Jenkins went down to attach a line to the anchor, Bogart told him that he did not think that the air hose was strong enough, but Jenkins said that

IT WOULD BE A SHORT JOB.

He descended, fastened the line to the anchor, and came up safely. They tied a bit of driftwood to the upper end of the rope and quit the place, the tide running so strong that the attaching of a chain to the anchor was abandoned till another day.

It was arranged that Bogart should meet Jenkins and Mr. Wetherall on the pier at seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th ult., and that Bogart should have with him John Beardon, Patrick Donnelly, and Edward Nethcutt, experienced grapplers. Jenkins reached the Battery at seven o'clock and found Mr. Wetherall, Bogart and the other men awaiting him. They rowed down to the bit of driftwood, and Jenkins was prepared for his descent. His suit was put on and then slabs of lead were fastened upon his breast



IDA HENNING, THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE, A PRECOCIOUS CHICAGO YOUNG LADY, ANNOUNCED AS MISSING AND SUPPOSED TO HAVE ELOPED WITH AN ADMIRER.

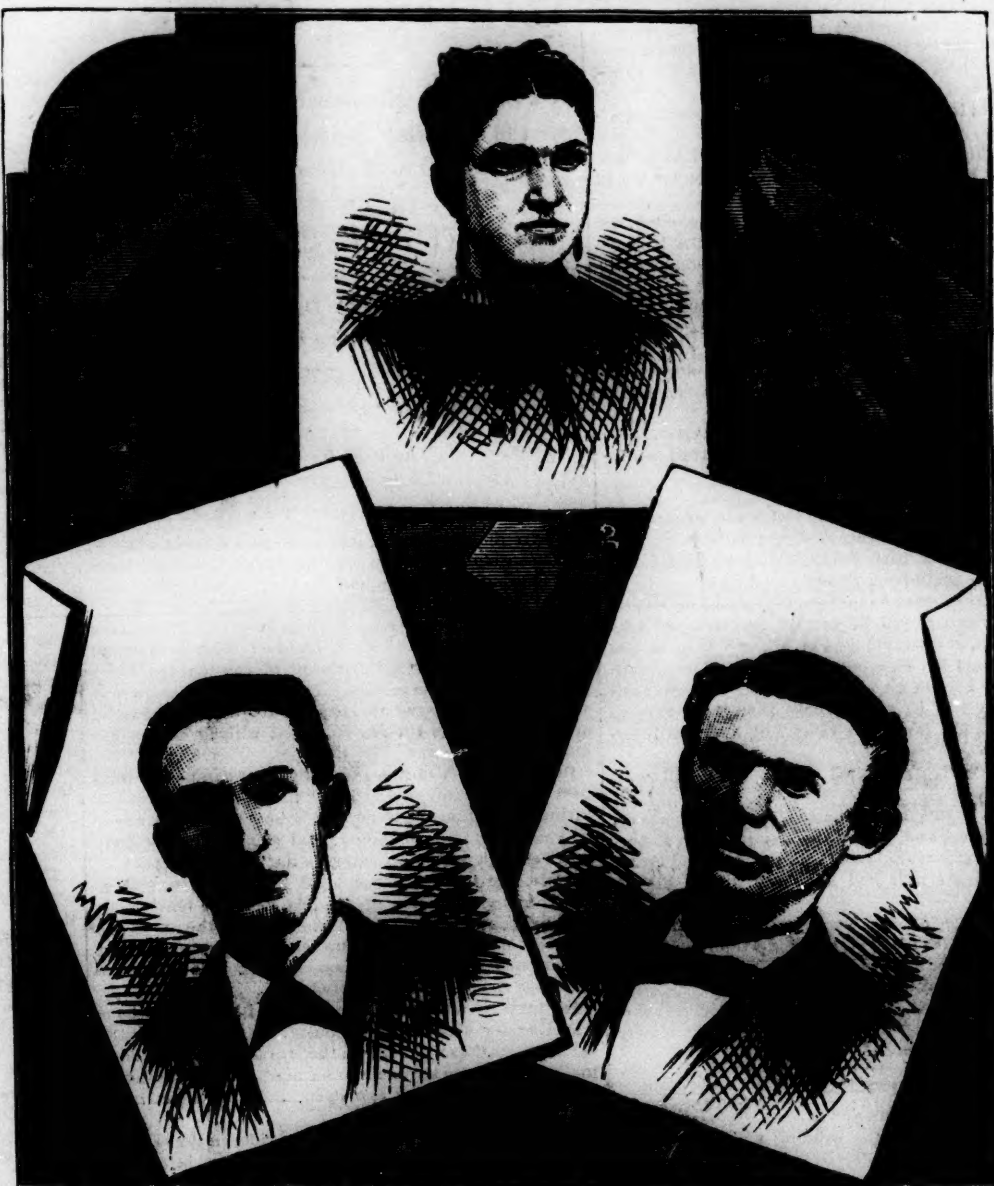
and back. His weighty copper helmet was riveted to the leathern collar of his suit, and then, signalling the men at the air pump to begin their work. Bogart began to screw in the thick glass plate over Jenkins's face. The air hose was attached to the back of the helmet, and as the men at the pump bent to their task

AIR Poured INTO THE HELMET.

Jenkins stepped into a pair of lead-weighted shoes, and then felt at his belt for the formidable hook-shaped knife that divers ordinarily carry on a hook there. But it had been mislaid. Bogart saw the gesture, and put his own claspknife into Jenkin's hand. As Jenkins stood he was more heavily weighted than a diver usually is. The lead in the weights on his breast and back and the ponderous soles of his shoes amounted to 250 pounds. His helmet added about fifty pounds to this weight. But he was a large man, and he required extra weighting to sink readily. Bogart helped Jenkins to the stern ladder, and saw him sink backward easily into the water. He disappeared, and only air bubbles showed where he was at work at the bottom. Bogart held the life line taut, ready to act upon the slightest signal, and Mr. Wetherall looked to the air hose. Seventy-five feet were paid out, and as much more lay in a trim coil beside the air pump. Bogart told the men at the air pump not to spare themselves, because Jenkins required a strong pressure of air, and

THEY WORKED WITH A WILL.

"Suddenly," Bogart said to a reporter in relating the occurrence, "I heard a crack like that of a pistol behind me. I turned quickly and saw that the hose had burst. I was horrified, but I recovered my presence of mind in a moment. I shouted, 'Catch hold of the pipe above the break and hold in all the air you can.' One of the men (I think it was Mr. Wetherall) did this. Then I called to the others to lend a hand, and we tugged on the life line and the hose. We felt an uncommon resistance at the other end, but we pulled with all our might and main. In a moment we saw the top of Jenkins's helmet. We pulled harder, and all of a sudden, there was no resistance. It seems that Jenkins had grasped the rope running up from the Barbarossa's anchor to the yawl, and had twisted his body half around it. We pulled him to the boat, and he put his foot on the lowest round of the stern ladder. We raised him up, and he made a motion as though he was cutting the weight from his breast. I



1—Charles Gellister. 2—Mrs. Annie Gellister. 3—"Clem" Freer, alleged murderer of the Gellisters, captured at Falls Bend, N. Y., July 20.

THE GELLISTER TRAGEDY, NEAR ALBURN, KANSAS, JAN. 18, 1879.—SEE PAGE 2.

understood what he wanted, and called to one of the men to cut the weight off. All the while I was unscrewing the face plate in the helmet. It came off easily, and I threw it to the bottom of the boat. I dashed water in Jenkins's face, but his eyes closed, blood gushed from his mouth, nostrils and ears, and

HIS HEAD FELL FORWARD.

We supported him, and almost tore the helmet from its fastenings. Then we laid him down in the boat, sprinkled water on his head and face, chafed his hands and fanned him. But he seemed to be dead. His face, head, and chest were much swollen.



THE MERRY MAIDENS AND THE CAT—A SPECTACLE WHICH TWO RESPECTABLE SPINNERS BEHELD THROUGH AN OPERA-GLASS, AND WHICH LED TO A MOVEMENT TO HUSTLE AN ANATOMICAL CLUB OUT OF ITS QUARTERS, ON THE GROUND OF THE MEMBERS HAVING DISSECTED A "BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN HAIRED CHILD"; BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"My opinion is that the hose would not have burst where it did if this part had been under water. If it had been, the inward pressure of the water would have equalled the outward pressure of the air, and there would have been little strain upon the hose. I believe that air must have escaped through some leak in Jenkins's suit, for there must have been, in my opinion, air enough in the pipe to have lasted for the minute we took to haul him up and unscrew the face plate of his helmet. I was working with Jenkins recently upon a sunken scow in Northeast Harbor, N. J., and I discovered

A LEAK IN THE SUIT.

But Jenkins did not appear to think much about it, either. I have often seen divers come up in this kind of weather with water in their suit up to the armpits. It kept them cool, they said, and they knew that the air from the hose would hold it down."

A theory that Mr. Jenkins's life might have been saved, if the men in the yawl had not suddenly exposed him to the full effect of the air by the removal of the face plate of his helmet, was offered. When this theory was repeated to Dr. Shine, formerly a deputy coroner, who, living upon the Battery, has had much experience in cases of submersion, he declared it to be all humbug, but said that Jenkins' life might have been saved.

Mr. Jenkins was a native of England, and about forty years of age. He had been a diver for about fifteen years in the United States, and he was well known among divers. His family is said to be left in pinched circumstances.

The Merry Maidens and the Cat.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Brooklyn Anatomical and Surgical Club rents rooms at 28 Madison street, Brooklyn, where the members engage in the dissection of human bodies. The club was formed two years ago, and is composed of Brooklyn physicians who wish to make anatomical studies and who live too far from hospitals to be able to make studies there. A year ago or so some neighbors began to complain of the club, which at that



SAMUEL MOORE WILLIAMS, RECENTLY APPREHENDED IN OREGON, THROUGH THE AGENCY OF THE POLICE GAZETTE, FOR A MURDER COMMITTED IN KENTUCKY, THREE YEARS AGO.

time had the permission, saying that offensive odors emanated from its rooms, and the idea of living near a dissecting-room was unpleasant to them. Some maiden ladies who live on the other side of the street, reported to the Board of Health that they had seen the club engaged in dissecting in a shocking manner "a beautiful golden haired child." They said they saw the operation from a room on the top story of their house with a pair of opera-glasses, and that they frequently watched the club-rooms in the same way. The Board of Health at once began an investigation and to its astonishment found that the body which the ladies had seen dissected was that of a golden-haired cat. Another complaint, made by a man, was that he had seen the members of the club experiment with electricity upon the body of a negro, "like so many devils." The opposition became so strong that the Board of Health revoked the permission. Since then the club has been trying to convince the neighbors that there is no ground for complaint against it, and it is said now that few neighbors, except those who saw the dissection of the golden-haired cat, will oppose its application.

A Mother-in-Law Hater.

Andrew Tobin, a laborer, twenty-five years old, of 5 Batavia street, had his wife, mother-in-law and sister-in-law all pressing charges of assault and battery against him in the Tombs Court on the 1st. A certificate was shown from Dr. Ryan stating that the mother-in-law, Catharine Walton, was suffering from concussion of the brain and internal injuries, and was in a very critical condition. Annie Walton, the sister-in-law, said that on Thursday evening the prisoner came home intoxicated, caught her mother, an aged lady, by the hair, threw her to the ground, kicked her brutally and threw the pine table at her head as she lay senseless upon the floor. She, the witness, then interfered, when Tobin knocked her down also and tried to bite her. The prisoner's wife showed a broken nose, where Tobin had struck her while on a drunken carousal a few days before. "Tobin," said the magistrate, "do you know your mother-in-law is likely to die from the injuries you have inflicted upon her?" "I hope she does!" was the answer. "I wish I had killed her." He was committed in default of bail on the two charges against him.

LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

["Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 86. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued.)

"Don't forget just where you are to drive, and remember you had better go through the back streets as much as you can."

"I understand. Till half past eight, then," and he passed out the door, closed it softly and was gone. Waters settled himself comfortably in his chair, re-lit his pipe, and chuckled grimly to himself.

"The shallow fool needed no urging to fall into the trap. To night's work, Mr. Star Varnum, will place you wholly in my power, and then you will hardly have the sole handling of Miss Van Dillen's millions, for I will have a word or two to say about that. Jack Waters, you're in luck this time sure, and perhaps you won't know how to enjoy yourself with Lizzie for a side-partner."

Soliloquizing thus, the respectable Mr. Waters whiled away the hours until it became time for him to meet Fanny.

Had he been gifted with prescience he would have shunned that meeting, but, impelled by avarice, and calous to crime, he went forth to murder, heedless that more than one life, perhaps his own, might be sharer in the dreadful fate he had devised for an innocent girl.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBERT CARTER'S RETURN.

On the morning of the same day that witnessed the interview of Fanny King and Waters, and the latter's conference with Varnum, another event happened, destined to have no little influence upon the fate and fortunes of all three.

Early in the day Frank Steers, being for the time a gentleman of leisure, was strolling idly along Park Row, exchanging a word at every step or two with some of his numerous acquaintances and cogitating meanwhile as to what means he could select for passing away the hours until he should be again summoned to his duties.

As he turned into Beekman street he came suddenly into collision with a bronzed and bearded individual, who paused to apologize, and Frank beheld, to his astonishment, his long absent friend, Robert Carter.

"Well, this is a surprise," exclaimed Frank, as they shook hands heartily. "What undiscovered country did you drop from, old fellow? Where have you been, and what have you been doing? I needn't ask how you are, for you look as hearty as a buck. When did you get back?"

"One question at a time, Frank," said Robert, laughing at his friend's impetuosity, "and I'll try to answer you. In the first place, I reached New York this morning, and was just starting to hunt you up. I've been in the west, pretty much all over it, in fact, and I'm last from Leadville, which isn't exactly an undiscovered country, but a mighty tough one."

"From Leadville, eh?" responded Frank, "the new El Dorado? I suppose you've come back a bonanza king, at the least?"

"Not exactly," said Robert, smiling. "I'm not quite one of the new-made millionaires, although I have used my little capital to some advantage, and can call myself the possessor of rather a snug little fortune."

"Been mining, I suppose. That accounts for your looking so strong and rugged. Well, I congratulate you on your good fortune with all my heart. Let us drink prosperity to Leadville in a glass of beer."

The two friends entered a neighboring saloon and were soon seated, with two foaming glasses of the amber fluid before them.

"Now tell me," said Robert, "all that has happened in my absence. How are all our friends? Do you ever see or hear anything of Fan-of-Mrs. Varnum?"

"I have never seen her since the day you discovered her marriage, but I heard a few days ago that Varnum was about to be married, or, as the reporter expressed it, to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful Miss Van Dillen, of Murray Hill, which struck me as a rather queer statement, if true."

"But it can't be true," said Robert, in some excitement. "You said yourself that the marriage was regularly performed."

"So it seemed at the time, but that fellow Varnum is capable of any villainy, and the statement I refer to came pretty straight," replied Steers.

"Then you think Varnum has deserted Fanny?" queried Robert.

"I don't say that, but it wouldn't surprise me. Of course, if this rumor is true about his approaching marriage he must have got rid of Fanny in some way."

"Good heavens," cried Robert. "I would give all I have to know the truth, and if that scoundrel has deceived her I will bring him to a bitter reckoning."

"It won't be very difficult to find out," replied Frank, "if you are really anxious to do so. But first answer me one question. Do you still love the girl?"

"Yes, and shall always do so."

"And you really wish to find her?"

"If she has been deceived and deserted, yes. She may need the help of a true friend, and that at least I can give her."

"Well, old man, you know you can depend on me to do my part," said Frank; "have you any idea how to go about it?"

"None whatever."

"Then listen to me, for I have. The first thing to do is to find Mrs. Fleming, your old nurse, I have a fancy that if Fanny was in trouble she would go to her."

"Perhaps you are right," said Robert thoughtfully; "we can find her easily through Marks."

"By jove, so we can, I had forgotten that," cried Frank.

"He is still at the theatre, I suppose."

"Yes, and if we go there now we will be likely to find him."

"Let us start at once then."

"All right. Where are you stopping?"

"My baggage is at the Astor House."

"Then you have nothing to hinder you, let us be off at once."

And springing on a car they were rapidly conveyed to the theatre.

Mr. Marks was found without difficulty, and great was his surprise when he saw Robert once more.

To their inquiries he revealed the facts which we have previously narrated, and they were little surprised to find that their suspicions were so well-founded.

"By the way," said Marks, after giving them Mrs.

Fleming's address, and as they were about to depart, "there was a gentleman here not over half an hour ago, who was looking for Fanny. He appeared to be a clergyman. I gave him the direction, and he said he would call there sometime to-day."

"Who could it have been, I wonder," said Robert inquiringly.

"Have 'nt the least idea," replied Marks. "I never saw him before. He said he had some information for her of the greatest importance."

"Well," said Frank, "we will find out soon enough, for we will also call on her to-day. Bye-bye, Marks."

And the two friends left the puzzled stage-manager to his reflections.

"Bob, there's something queer about this, sure's you're born," said Frank, as they walked along. "I've somehow got an idea that this clerical gentleman may be an important link in our chain of affairs. He may be the man who performed the ceremony. Do you remember the name?"

"Perfectly, it was the Reverend Thomas Luyster."

"Then our next business is to find the reverend gentleman."

"What, before going to see Fanny?"

"Yes. Let us first find out who and what Mr. Luyster is, then we can go at the thing systematically."

"Just as you think best, Frank, but I own I am impatient to hear the truth from Fanny's own lips."

"But don't let it occur to you that she may not be so anxious to tell you. The girl will be greatly embarrassed, take my word for it, at meeting you at all, and besides, you know Marks said Mr. Fleming would not be home until evening. Now I think we had better defer our visit until that time. She will be more at ease than if we were to see her alone, and a few hours delay will make no difference."

"Yes, you are right," replied Robert, "we will wait until this evening."

Having come to this determination, the two friends returned down town, and passed the day together, Robert recounting his various experiences in the west, and Frank detailing the events that had happened during his absence.

Meanwhile three others were impatiently for the evening. Fanny with fear yet longing; Waters with the anticipation of coming triumph, and Varnum with a shuddering terror that half unmanned him.

So, while they waited, impelled by widely differing motives, for the events of the night, the daylight slowly faded and the night came on.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE TOLLS.

It was seven o'clock in the evening and quite dark, when Mr. Jack Waters left his room and proceeded leisurely in the direction of Hester street.

He had resumed his clerical attire, and placed in his pockets two implements scarcely in keeping with his supposed ministerial character.

One was the ugly weapon he had exhibited to Varnum; the other a carefully loaded revolver.

He made his way to the rendezvous with great deliberation, making frequent stops for spiritual refreshment, but with all his loitering it still wanted twenty minutes of the hour when he reached the appointed corner.

Finding himself thus early he determined to keep a lookout for his confederate, and accordingly passed up the street to the second corner above Mrs. Fleming's house.

To his surprise he saw, as he neared the corner, a quiet-looking cab standing in the shadow a few yards back in the side street.

"Ah," he muttered, "Varnum must be here already. That's his turnout if I'm not greatly mistaken," and he at once approached it.

The driver was seated on the door-sill, muffled up, although the evening was anything but cold, in a long riding-coat with a high collar; his slouch hat was pulled down over his eyes, and he seemed in nowise anxious to attract attention or custom.

As Waters anticipated, it was Star Varnum.

"You are early," said the former, as he came up and was recognized by his confederate.

"A little, yes, but I was so confoundedly nervous I couldn't wait any longer. I wish the damned thing was over."

The speaker was as pale as ashes, and the convulsive working of the muscles of his face showed that he was extremely ill at ease if not half paralyzed with fear.

"What's the matter with you?" said Waters, roughly; "you're not going to weaken and turn out at this stage, I hope. Here, take hold of this," and he produced from one of the many pockets of his clerical suit, another uncanonical adjunct in the shape of a flask of brandy.

Varnum complied, and a hearty pull at the bottle seemed to steady his shaken nerves a little, and brought a faint tinge of color into his ashen cheeks.

"I wish it was over," he said again, and we were well out of it. It's a frightful risk."

"No risk at all, unless you lose your nerve," replied Waters, contemptuously, "you just keep your end up and I'll answer for the rest, besides—"

The speaker was interrupted by the intrusion of a head into the cab window, for they had both seated themselves in the vehicle, and a hoarse voice, crying—

"Hullo, young feller, wake up, what's the matter wid ye?"

Varnum saw the wreath and number upon the intruder's hat, which betokened him a member of the "finest," and fairly turned green with fright, but Waters retained his coolness.

"Here, Joe," he said, nudging Varnum, hop out and see what the cop wants; "what the devil is the matter, anyway, he added," turning again to the officer.

"That's the matter, is it? Are yees aware thin, that ye're afther voliatin' one o' thim munishipal ordthinnances?"

"Indeed, which one is it?"

"Ye have 'nt yer lights lighted, bedad, an' its loible ye are to a severe foine."

"Is that all," said Varnum, who had in a measure recovered his self-possession, "well you see I'm a waitin' for a gentleman, and I jist put 'em out to save oil."

"Jist light thim at wast thin, an' I'll not report ye this toime; ye seem a decent young man."

"All right," replied Varnum, and, striking a match, he proceeded to light the carriage lamps.

As the light fell upon his face, the policeman gave a start of surprise.

"May I niver, if it isn't Mr. Varnum," he exclaimed, "sure sor, its maskyradin' ye are, entirely."

"Why, Mike, is that you," replied Varnum, with apparent cordiality, smothering as best he might his disgust at being thus recognized, "what are you doing away over here?"

"Sure, I was transferred to this praicinct some toime ago, sor, bad luck to it, and the dirty thaves of commis-sioners that sent me here."

"You don't like it, eh?"

"The devil a bit, sor; there isn't the last taste of divar-shun in a wake's pathrollin', barrin' batin', a Dutchman now and thin."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLIMPSSES OF GOTHAM.

P. P. Studies Human Nature Upon one of the Palatial Sound Boats Sailing Out of New York.

PIRATES IN PETTICOATS.

The Beautiful Minnie Drinking Champagne with the Western Cattle Dealer.

A TIGRESS IN KID GLOVES.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

I have done a great deal of steamboat traveling lately, and been able to pick up some queer facts, to study some odd characters that go out of New York by waterway and to improve my knowledge generally.

A steamboat is a great place to observe your fellow men and women. There is more freedom than in the cars, which by the very arrangement of the seats partition people off, while the motion prevents perambulation save when it is necessary to visit the ice-water receptacle, and pour into the tin cup sufficient whisky to kill the animalcules.

In steamboats you rove, you shift your camp-stool from port to starboard, you visit the bar for the purpose of throwing the line and ascertaining how much water is on it, you talk to the engineer, and sometimes you have nerve enough to go aloft and give the pilot a "steer."

There are many thousands of New Yorkers, and as many more thousands of tourists, who are leaving our city by boat every day. I do not refer to the excursion boats to Coney Island, Long Branch, Fort Lee and kindred places, but to the long distance craft that plow the waters of the Sound and the Hudson.

The traveler who is unencumbered with family, who is traveling for pleasure and so hasn't his wife along as the old gag says, has a chance on the trip to Boston on one of the Sound palace steamers to see many peculiar things if he will only keep his eye open, and float about in an unobtrusive manner.

Say it is ten o'clock and the moon rides in the heavens like the lamp at the prow of night's sable and bejewelled gondola.

We are well out in the Sound. The Long Island and Connecticut shores are but banks of shadows, pricked here and there by shafts of light where the gas flares in a summer resort hotel, or the candle burns late in a farm-house kitchen.

The band inside is playing voluptuous dance music. A great many of the passengers loil on the velvet-covered lounges, but some who have mastered the slight roll of the boat, trip it merrily to the inspiring tunes. I notice a very handsome woman, elegantly dressed. She is a brunette, thirty years old at least, and is very reserved and lady-like in her demeanor. Strangely enough, she has no escort, and therefore doesn't dance.

But in another moment I, Paul Prowler, cynic and pessimist am ashamed of myself for imagining that she would.

She is traveling alone because she has been called to the bedside of dying husband, or sick child, from whatever New York watering place her fancy or the presence of friends may have decided her to visit.

Surely this accounts for the sad almost pathetic features of the beautiful woman: for her evident desire to screen herself from all observation.

I feel nfid at myself for even imagining that she would dance, not to mention dancing with a stranger, as she would have been forced to do since no one seemed to know her on the boat.

I saw it all. The sick room rose before me. On the table the shadowed lamp; on the mantle the regiment of bottles drawn up in battle array with the spoon carefully poised on the wrong one, a teaspoonful of whose contents is to be taken in nine minutes. The pale face amid the pillows! Bah! it gave me the horrors.

For a moment I shut my eyes, and pressed my hand over them to keep out the sight, which her sweet, mournful face has conjured up, and when I looked again her chair was vacant, I was just in time to catch a glimpse of her going out upon the forward deck.

A sudden desire to smoke seized me, and I too sought the deck. My beauty had found a camp-chair which she had placed against the rail. Leaning her elbow on the rail; the material of the sleeve fell back, disclosing a dimpled arm of alabaster, clasped by a gold bracelet and kissed by the moonbeams.

At that precise moment I felt a burning desire to be a moonbeam, just for ten minutes or so.

She sighed. Above the soft splashing of the water, and the rising and falling cadence of the paddles, I heard the sigh. A white hand glided to the pocket, and a perfumed bit of cambric eclipsed the flashing eyes.

This was too much for me. I haven't got a heavy stock of sentiment on hand, but my heart was touched. Of course I couldn't speak to her, but I'd had been willing then to make an ass of myself, as many did at the French Fete in London where Mrs. Langtry presided at one of the stalls, and given \$10 for an introduction.

Utterly disgusted with myself I went down to the bar had a bottle of beer, and then tried to find a blue-shirted ballast shover who would kick me as much as he could afford to this enervating weather for a quarter.

The vision of the beauty at the rail above still haunted me. I became reckless. Perhaps she was ill herself. Maybe she wanted something fetched from the bar.

I thought of how the Count Joannes would have hastened to press a gin-cocktail with courtly grace upon her, and determined to wait no longer.

In fact I rushed up the stairs so precipitately that an old gentleman, misconceiving the situation, bolted into his state-room and reappeared with a Boyton suit on before you could wink.

"Where's the fire?" he asked.

"In the furnace under the boiler," I replied, reassuming the steamboat saunter.

At last the forward deck was reached.

Heavens what a transformation had occurred!

A very flashy, vulgar sort of fellow, whom I had noticed before and put down as a trader of horses, mules and horned cattle, was sitting beside her, was talking to her, and was actually toying with her fan!

I have been shocked many times in my career, and notably in a Bowery lager beer saloon once when I tried to pull a machine against the wall, being invited to the cheerful exercise by a friend who had just quaffed a "schooner" with me, but I never received such a set-back sensation as this spectacle gave me.

"But won't you tell me any more than Minnie," the brute said.

"Minnie's enough on such short acquaintance," she replied. "What's your name?"

"My name's Tom."

"But your other name?"

"It doesn't matter. What'll you drink?"

"I'm in the habit of drinking wine."

"Wine it shall be."

He caught a nigger somewhere and they had a pint bottle, out in the cool evening, under the stars and the moon. The concert was over in the saloon, and nearly all the passengers had gone to bed to dream of fire, boiler explosions, collisions, dynamite and disasters generally.

Those without berths lay on the sofas, and nodded in the chairs. Solemnity came over the scene. The boat seemed conscious of its fearful responsibility.

I sat way forward smoking my cigar and gazing out upon the dark waters.

"Let's have another bottle," I heard Tom say.

"And I'm agreeable," Minnie answered.

"So you live in New York," my cattle-dealer asked, after the first glass was drained.

"Where else would I live! Do you think I'm from Boston?"

"Then this is a pleasure trip?"

"Purely pleasure."

"I always try," said Tom, "to combine business with pleasure when I can."

"It isn't a bad idea," I heard her answer, and then their voices sank to a murmur, which flared up once or twice with a laugh.

I had heard enough. The golden bowl was broken. I sought the bar again to see how we were heading. That's the place to go in the matter of "heads."

While I drank, my drover came in. He seemed joyous and gay. He joked with the bar-tender, and ordered him to have a bottle—a quart bottle—of champagne, with plenty of ice, sent to No. — in the morning, naming a state-room which I subsequently discovered was the sad faced beauty's.

That's an awful lot of wine for one person to get away with before breakfast, but some become accustomed to it.

I'm willing to take lessons.

He didn't order any for his state-room. These western business men with large rolls of money about them, and diamond studs, rarely drink before evening.

That's the way they get the money and studs.

So far as I'm concerned I waited until the bar was closed and then went to bed in my high hat. I did this because I had forgotten my night-cap. Those you get at the bar don't protect you from a cold in the head.

Minnie and Tom occupied the same seat in the cars to Boston, and there I lost sight of them.

The strangest thing of all is that I met Minnie coming back again, and with her was a beautiful blonde.

Just after leaving Newport two young men took quite an interest in the charming women, who were very high spirited.

At the time they forced their acquaintance upon them Minnie was telling her comrade of the queer gentleman she had met on the boat from New York.

"He was so odd," she laughed, flashing up her hand to show a diamond ring that wasn't there the moonlit night, as we sailed, as we sailed.

"If he's odd," I said to myself, "it will be a long while before he gets even."

Yes, the steamboat's a very nice place to study character. It comes next to a Pullman palace car, say in a run from Chicago here.

On the North river, in the Albany and Troy night boats, gambling is carried on more or less heavily. It almost makes a Mississippian feel at home, as if he were aboard the Robert E. Lee on the "big muddy," to see the stakes piled up and swept away. It is done quietly, however, and so far there has been no squealing.

Once in a while an empty berth is discovered, and the coincidence of a body in the river induces the rural journals to rush into print with the most sensational accounts of midnight fights and murders and suicides on the boats.

The Sound is the fashionable place for suicides.

Not a day passes but we hear of some well-dressed man moodily pacing the deck until he gets nerve enough to place his hand on the rail and hop over.

I am much afraid that Minnie and her class, who may aptly be called pirates in petticoats, do much, whether afloat or ashore, to bring about these melancholy incidents.

A pretty woman—a moonlight night—too much champagne—have frequently rushed returning agent or confidential clerk into such excesses with his employer's money that he has preferred death to the dishonor of discovery.

Minnie laughs at these victims. They are simply the skeletons that whiten the desert she makes of life for so many, in order that she may ride to where the oasis of voluptuous rest awaits her.

It is utterly impossible to checkmate her. She is so lady-like, so dignified, so modest. Any quantity of ladies travel alone, especially at this season of the year, and when Minnie's slender hand alips over the price of a whole state-room the clerk cannot see the claws of the tigress for the gloves.

You find such characters on short route excursion boats, but they are a hoydenish kind of people whom you spot at once.

I have since examined the subject, not practically, and find that in the soft, summer time there are many Minnies who gaily sail the Sound on mythical trips to Boston. When their faces become too familiar, or a shocked passenger complains, they try the Hudson.

Some of my pirates are married and live in New York.

Some are married and live in New England.

There is nothing more natural or delightful than trips between Boston and New York by the Sound boats, and he would be a brute of a husband who would interfere. Because he must stick at his red Russia-leather books in a dingy office, is that any reason why the wife should not visit her friends on east or in New York?

But why not go by the cars?

It's the Spanish inquisition revived. It's torture on wheels. It's hell with a headlight!

If you open the windows red-hot cinders, dust, dead leaves fly in, strike you in the face, get between dress and neck, work down, and make any lady of physical sensibilities imagine that she has been toiling in a rolling-mill.

If you keep the windows shut you roast, literally roast. Perspiration becomes a tidal wave. The palest countenance turns to the malarial flush of a sunset as it is seen back of Newark bay, when the wind shifts the mosquitoes to one side and allows the rays to strike the villages composing Bayonne.

But the boat!

have written for this paper I have endeavored to first describe the dangerous so that it can be avoided, and then have invariably thrown in moral precepts and maxims whose observance would lead to proper living, so shall I in this instance.

Beware of Minnie.
Steer clear of the lonely, pathetic beauties who can turn in a moment into radiant women, looking into champagne cups, with wicked eyes.
A word more: Don't make a fool of yourself conjuring up a sick-room, with the spoon on the bottle. There isn't any.

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE BROKER.

A Man Who Can Become a Bear, Then a Bull, And Finally a Lame Duck.

BY COLONEL LYNN.

[Written expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]

In my younger days—I do not refer to that period when I was in the baby farming business—I had a good deal to do with what is called the "sheet," being employed as messenger boy by a dark and mysterious gentleman who had an office on the top floor, rear room, of a dirty yellow building, which was the last one in an alley that ran back of the Stock Exchange.

I rushed around with checks, and made deposits, washed the windows, scrubbed the floor, and would have been ruler of the queen's navel had there been any handle of a big front door to polish up.

We dealt in all sorts of stocks until our firm "busted." That happened one afternoon when a detective arrested my employer for hypothecation of bonds.

This arrest was very unfortunate, because, as I afterwards learned, he was just on the eve of departure for Germany where he intended to drink the waters for his health.

Instead of that he tackled "skilly" in jail for four years.

I lost one dollar—one week's salary.

In those days my ambition was to be a broker; not the spider like kind which my employer was, but one of those dashing fellows on the street who wear white hats in summer which they mash over each other's eyes when the time to call them in has arrived, and who are up for all sorts of larks.

They are not now as they used to be before the hard times, when Jim Fisk was alive, and the ring was in power, how they used to make the street hum.

Then Black Friday, with gold dancing like a gilded ball in the erratic stream like a fountain, and men going stark, staring mad as they fought with each other; screamed their idiotic bids, and fell foaming at the mouth upon the floor.

I witnessed the operations of that day, and I hope never to see the like. Poor Harry Leech, who wrote the play "Black Friday," which was produced at Niblo's went down in that storm.

Things are run on a more conservative basis now. A good deal of mere jobbing is done. It's only when Gould or Vanderbilt or some of those heavies make a rifle that matters look up. At present business is terrible dull. Those buckets shops, a description of which I read in your valuable paper, (this is the cast-iron and time honored term) are virtually dead.

The back-stand in Broad street is mournful. No further back than when Tennie Claflin and Victoria Woodhull ran a stock business, the "Weekly" and the "Commodore" all at once at 48, a broker wouldn't go five blocks without a couplee.

Now he uses the cars and stages.

He also stands up at Delmonico's lunch counter, and frequently makes all his afternoon's calculations on the stomachic basis of a glass of beer and a sandwich.

There are many opulent, daring people though, who only need an opportunity to create a stir.

Keene is one. He's from California, and has just got out of a tremendous corner in wheat.

No wonder, with his half million profit, that he can send horses to England.

Although Mr. Keene is a grain speculator as well as dealer in stocks he never hides his light under a bushel.

The broker is always a nobbily dressed man. You can never tell by his costume how the "north-west" gale is blowing, or what his gains or losses on C. C. and I. were.

He is fond of sport in the widest sense. Every glove match worth seeing is attended by brokers.

There couldn't be a respectable bear-baiting or dog fight without his presence and countenance.

And yet he is the most generous man in the city.

Emma Abbott went down to Wall street, and in her sweet voice sang of Jennie Smith's sorrows in Jersey City's jail, she had a thousand dollars in a jiffy.

They would just as willingly in the next moment put their names down for a benefit to old Uncle Bill Tovee, and you would find them crowding Harry Hill's on the happening of the event.

When the Count Joannes consents to make an alleged ass of himself, the Bulls and Bears, moved by animal sympathy crowd the theatre.

They are great at the French Ball, but contribute nobly to the Charity Ball.

Up to-day and down to-morrow, the broker's life is one of the fiercest excitement when the market is active.

When it is dull certain firms lay for the outsider. Take up your country exchanges and you will read the most tempting advertisements from Wall street, telling of a new combination pool movement and how ten dollars will make \$500 in so many days.

When you read this advertisement have plenty of salt right handy. I went down there with \$50, having need of about \$200 for a little business, but I have postponed the business until spring.

I didn't care to carry the \$50 back, so I left it with the broker.

The broker of the present day deals in almost anything that has a commission about it. Mining stocks are now sold at the regular board, and cemetery shares will come next.

I could have given you a tip on "Bodie" two weeks ago, but I am opposed to gambling.

In a dozen offices you can buy Havana, Kentucky and Louisiana lottery tickets. You can also get the capital prizes there, if—

You have drawn them.

In connection with this sketch of the broker I am reminded of a most curious feature of his social status in England.

Which is that he hasn't any.

Our Wall street men move in the best circles, if their personal character is O. K., but in London they are classed with tradesmen, dealers in pickles, etc., and even live in a sort of colony by themselves out Clapham way.

To see the Bulls, the Bears and the Lame Ducks all playing at "kite-flying," you must go down to the street and dabble a little.

What a terrible fascination it has! Beats draw-poker all hollow. No wonder the man once in goes on, on, tossed here and there, blowing hot and cold with the ticking of the indicator, dreaming of a trip to Europe one moment, and thinking of suicide the next!

If you know any man of a torpid, bilious temperament, who wants to be awakened slightly, tell him to take his pile, introduce himself to a broker, and go in on something for a rise.

He'll become as lively as a grasshopper, won't be able to tell where he lunched when he gets home, and will continue alternately on his head and his heels, until he either comes out a winner or his wife sends him to an insane asylum.

In either event he will have ceased to be bilious. And in one, to be bank-billions.

VICES VARIETIES.

At Asheville, N. C., on the 5th, John H. Wild knocked his mother down, and while standing over her with an up-raised ax, his brother Joseph shot him dead.

SAMUEL NUSSBAUM, an old citizen of Cape Girardeau county, Mo., cut his wife's throat on the morning of the 6th and then cut his own throat. Domestic trouble is said to be the cause. Nussbaum will die, while his wife may recover.

At Wyandotte, Mich., on the 1st, Lizzie Thide, 18 years old, commenced a bastardy suit against the Rev. Edward Barry of Belleville, in whose employ as a domestic she served last fall. Mr. Barry waived examination, was bound over to the Circuit Court.

At Detroit, Mich., on the 2nd, Joseph Barron was arraigned before a justice for the crime of incest with his eighteen year old daughter, Matilda, who charges him with the weekly repetition of the crime for the last four years. The case will be tried hereafter.

Four unknown men, suppose to belong to a gang of desperadoes in Indian Territory, rode into Coneyville, Kan., on the 2nd robbed the post-office and committed other depredations. The citizens resisted, one of whom, named Fitzpatrick was killed. Another named Roberts was wounded. The robbers then left, and shortly after a detachment of United States troops started in pursuit, but at last accounts had made no arrests.

Doc MIDDLETON, the Nebraska desperado, arrived at Cheyenne, Wyoming, on the morning of the 3rd, at five o'clock, on a freight-train, being brought from Sidney, during the night. He was unsafe in Nebraska, and would probably have been lynched before this time had he remained there. There are a number of charges against him, but the oldest and most serious crime with which he is charged is the killing of a soldier in Sidney in May, 1877, and he will go back there for trial.

In Albany, N. Y., between six and seven o'clock on the evening of the 6th, Thomas Mallon, about sixty years of age, deliberately shot his wife, Ann Mallon, killing her instantly. The husband had just returned from work, and after having a few angry words with his wife he retired to a bed-room. She followed him, but on seeing a gun in his hands retreated. The next instant he raised the weapon and fired. The weapon is an old fashioned Enfield rifle, and was loaded with buckshot. The charge passed through the woman's left arm and entered her left breast. The affair caused great excitement. Officer Hyland took the murderer into custody, and he was locked in the Second Police Station.

In Clinton, Iowa, on the 1st, J. S. Taylor a saw-mill employe, was arrested charged with murdering his wife by poison. The latter was taken suddenly ill on July 22, and to a neighbor who answered her cry of distress stated that her husband had given her two powders. She had taken one and believed that she was poisoned. She died soon after in agony. The talk of the neighbors resulted in a coroner's inquest and a post-mortem by two doctors. The verdict was that the deceased died of enlargement of the heart. The other powder since analyzed is found to contain six grains of strychnine. Taylor married another woman on July 24. All these circumstances led to his arrest. He waived examination and was held to answer to the District Court.

At Fond du Lac, Wis., Fred Williams (colored) was convicted of murder in the circuit court ten years ago and was sentenced to state prison for life. Shortly after the commencement of his imprisonment the supreme court reversed the judgment in his case on some technical defect in the indictment. Thereafter his attorney made no move for a new trial, the prosecuting attorney took no steps in the matter, and the public had no knowledge of the decision of the supreme court, or had forgotten it until reminded of the fact by the appearance of Williams in this city, a free man. It seems that the matter has been allowed to rest until this late day, with Williams in Waupun. And now, when the principal witness for the state is dead, his release is procured upon a certificate from the supreme court. It is not likely that a new trial will be had, owing to the inability of the state to procure testimony.

The case of Homer J. Crandall, charged with attempting to burn his own property in the village of Danforth, near Syracuse, N. Y., on the 30th of July, was called in the Police Court in the latter city, on the 6th. Affidavits of physicians were presented, stating that accused was now lying at the point of death on account of nervous prostration. The police justice proceeded to Crandall's residence, where bonds amounting to \$3,000 were given by friends for his appearance before the grand jury. The police say they have worked up a complete case against the accused. They discovered to-day where three candles had been purchased which were found burning at night surrounded by combustibles in Crandall's house and barn. Large quantities of powder were also found scattered over his upper barn floor leading to the hay mow. As Crandall has heretofore been a most respectable citizen the accusation of his alleged crime has brought him to death's door.

THOMAS BRADY, of Newark street, Hoboken, N. J., was arrested on the 4th, on a charge of committing an atrocious assault on Mrs. Mary Greedy, a widow, who resides alone at Monroe and Newark streets, Hoboken. Brady, on the Sunday night previous, became intoxicated and started out from his home to search for his wife, whom, it is alleged, his cruel treatment had compelled to seek refuge with her friends. Meeting Mrs. Greedy in the street, he accused her of harboring his wife, and when Mrs. Greedy attempted to deny this he flew into a violent passion, and, it is charged, knocked her down on the sidewalk and kicked her repeatedly on the head and body. Her cries and his own furious yells attracted a throng, who looked on without attempting to interfere. In the struggle, it is alleged, that Brady repeatedly jumped on Mrs. Greedy's breast, and struck the heel of his heavy shoe against her face. Mr. Greedy attempted to rescue his wife, but he was knocked down by Brady. At last the police arrived, and Brady escaped in the throng. The woman, who had been terribly beaten, was carried to her home, where she was attended by Dr. Saltonsthal, who pronounced her wounds probably fatal. Brady was subsequently arrested and held to await the result of Mrs. Greedy's injuries.

WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

The List of Principal Combinations—Movements of Professionals—Deaths—The Murmur of Gossip Preceding The Regular Season.

Australia is overrun with amusements. There's a Melbourne there from which no actor returns safe with money in his purse. At least that is what the actors think and hence the plethora.

Handsome James O'Neill, who used to be at the Union Square, played *Jesus Christ* in the San Francisco "Passion drama," and is now doing the *Jim-Jams Cousins* in "L'Assommoir."

Mme. Ponisi, of Wallack's, summers in the wilds of bear hunting Pennsylvania.

The Permanent Exhibition 'show of Philadelphia will have to cease. The building is to be removed.

Frank Langley, who played the *minister* in "Brass" so well is dead.

Tom Whiffin has sailed the Ocean Blue to England.

The *Dramatic News* makes up the principal combination for the coming season, as follows:—

The Mordaunt and Boniface Combination with J. H. Rowe, will open at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, August 11th, in "The Queen's Evidence." The company are: George C. Boniface, Frank Mordaunt, J. H. Rowe, James Harrison, William Gleason, Ed Coyle, Jean Burnside, Mina Crollins, Eva Harrison, and Little Eddie Harrison.—The Troubadours will comprise their old famous and matchless party: Nat Salsbury, Jno. Webster, Jno. Gourlay, Nellie McHenry, Miss Dineon and Frank Maeder.—Herrmann will take out the *Loirelles* in his combination, and Fred Maeder will go as business manager.—The Tourists in the Pullman Palace Car, a party in the style of the Troubadours, will include Wm. A. Mestayer, Augustus J. Bruno, James Barton, Nicholas Long, Rosa Cook, Ethel Lynton, Jennie Reiforth, May Livingston and Will H. Bray.—The Bowers-Thompson combination includes Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Charlotte Thompson, and a strong company in support. The name of the leading man has not yet been made public, but it is understood that either Mr. Shewell or Mr. Sheridan will fill the position. Time is now being filled for the party by John Rickaby.—Gus Williams will tour it in a new dialect comedy by George H. Jessop, entitled *Herman Wagner*, supported by a very strong company under the management of John Rickaby.—The Kate Thayer Concert Company consists of Kate Thayer, soprano; Signor Tagliapietra, baritone; Mrs. Helen Norman, contralto; Madame Teresa Carreno, pianiste; Mr. Arbuckle, cornettist; C. Pratt, conductor.—The Ada Cavendish company is composed of Henry Crisp, H. A. Weaver, E. A. Eberle, W. Gilbert, W. H. Thompson, L. Eddinger, M. Leffingwell, Jr., and Mrs. E. A. Eberle. Business agent, C. B. Grist.—Kate Claxton's company comprises Charles A. Stevenson, H. B. Phillips, Mrs. C. E. Furbish, Miss Carrie Wyatt and J. T. Burke. Spencer H. Cone, business manager. They will open in Williamsburg about October 6th.—The Graun English Opera company comprises Blanche Corelli, Alice Hosmer, Henri Laurent, Julian Francisco, C. Paul Brown, Myron Calice, V. G. Demorest and Charles Shattuck. They will open at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, September 8th, with a new opera, "The Cadets."

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight will play in this country under the management of H. T. Sargent.

Thursday evening, August 12th, Mr. Rudolf Bial of the Twenty-third street garden, has a benefit.

Gabrielle Du Sauld goes to the Madison Square Theatre.

There's a matinee at the Aquarium.

Boucicault's new drama to be produced at Booth's early in the season, will also be put upon the boards of the Adelphi, London.

You can go to the opera in London, now, without putting on a swallow-tail.

The London *Figaro* says that Arthur Sullivan is a bad conductor.

The Bandmans will open at the Standard in "Narcisse." They will arrive by the White Star line on or about the 20th.

One moment Mr. Gye is coming here with an opera troupe and again he is not. Straining the pronunciation we could say, "It's all a Gye."

Tagliapietra sings at the Toledo festival last of this month. Good chance and place for the "Toreador" song.

Tosoffy is the name of the new pianist. He bangs on October 6th, at Steinway Hall.

Mr. David Wambold, the minstrel, has been put in a dying state by gossip during the past week and completely restored by telegraph. That shows that iron is a good tonic.

The title of Gus Williams's new play is "Our German Senator." It is written in low Dutch.

Alice Oates begins her season in Philadelphia. Nothing like a moral start.

Mary Anderson has a new play. That Long Branch mare is not introduced.

Charley Burnham, formerly of the Standard, is business manager of Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. The season opens on the 8th of September. Among the attractions to be mentioned are Mary Anderson, Joe Jefferson, the Abbott English Opera Company, Barney Macauley, F. C. Bangs, Eliza Weathersby Froliques, Adelaide Neilson, Fatinitza, Rice's Evangeline, Hooley's Monster Minstrels and others.

To sum up the great Sarah Bernhardt question, be it stated that the charming witch remains definitively with the Comedie-Francaise. It is perfectly true that splendid terms were offered to her for a professional tour of two years in America, Austria and Russia. But her friends have succeeded in showing her how much she would really lose by exhibiting her histrionic achievements in a new frame, and on the other hand, the amount of the forfeit she would have had to pay to the Comedie-Francaise (£12,000), as well as the enormous deposit that she would have required as a guarantee previous to her departure,

would have made the venture a very doubtful one for her 'lessees.' So that in the end the idea collapsed.—London World.

A new wrinkle in the Neilson puffing is to intimate that she is not coming over here.

Cincinnati has had a sensation scandal about the sudden death of Ida Lewis, a variety actress. The city has also lost a German theatre by fire.

\$45,000 will have been expended on the Niblo's Garden spectacle.

Henry David Palmer was buried last Wednesday at the Church of the Annunciation, Fourteenth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues.

In order to re-capture Emma Thureby from the London public, there should be some concert of action on the part of our managers.

Truth calls Talmage, the clown, a "Yankee Chadband." Rough on Chadband.

Before you go to see "Wolfert's Roost" at Wallack's, August 18th, read the charming story by Irving.

MARQUIS OF LORNETTE.

Mrs. G. W. HAMILTON, of Crawfordsville, Ind., has for some time suspected that her husband was unfaithful to his marriage vow, so on the night of the 31st ult., she procured a horse-whip and went to the house of Mrs. Kittle, the lady whom she suspected of tampering with the affections of her husband. Her sarmises proved correct, and her diligence was rewarded by meeting the couple just as they alighted from a buggy. She gave Mrs. Kittle a very warm reception with the horse-whip, and upon her husband attempting to interfere gave him a sound thrashing also.

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COOL BURGESS IN TRAGEDY—THE FAMOUS NEGRO DELINEATOR ENCOUNTERS WILLIAM W. WIDGER, WHOM HE ACCUSES OF IMPROPER INTIMACY WITH HIS WIFE, IN THE RISING SUN HOTEL, TORONTO, AND, IN THE QUARREL THAT ENUES, SEVERELY WOUNDS THE ALLEGED DESTROYER OF HIS HAPPINESS.—See Page 2.